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DISTINCT PROGRESS toward a real disarmament congress has been made at Geneva. What is more, it is not to be limited to land disarmament, for France, Japan, and Italy have insisted that no distinction whatever shall be made between military and naval armaments in the program on which the special commission of preparation for disarmament will begin work on February 15. No fewer than fifty-four nations have thus committed themselves to a study of the questions of armaments and what may be termed military resources. That it is a far cry from this to actual disarmament we are ready to admit, but it is none the less a great thing that for the first time in the history of nations a survey of this kind is being made. Moreover, everything that keeps alive the discussion of disarmament is of value. Invitations are to be sent to Russia and the United States and Germany to take part. The invitation to us puts Mr. Coolidge in a hole. That muddy-minded gentleman who talks disarmament on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays and more preparedness on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—when he does not speak up for both on the same days—has declared himself opposed to a discussion of disarmament on sea in connection with the limitation of land forces. He will now have to recede from his position or leave the United States out of the congress. If he should take that stand, it would be necessary for public opinion to assert itself without a moment's loss of time. We took the lead in the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments in Washington; we must not be absent from the one at Geneva. Meanwhile, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt has made a most admirable suggestion that we negotiate at once a Locarno pact of our own with Japan and thus decrease further the military and naval rivalry between the two countries.

WHEN THE PERMANENT COURT of International Justice decreed that the Council of the League of Nations should have final arbitral power to decide the dispute over the boundary between Turkey and Iraq it set the League a task that will most ruthlessly test its powers. For between Turkey and Iraq lies Mosul, and the boundary line must either give the oil and wheat of that small chunk of valuable real estate to the Arabs of Iraq to be exploited by their merciful mandatory Great Britain or it must give them to the Turkish Government which promised the people of Turkey way back in 1920 that Mosul would be theirs. The boundary commission sent out by the League to report on this problem offered three possible, and wholly conflicting, solutions: (1) Mosul should go to Iraq provided Great Britain would continue as mandatory for twenty-five more years. (Great Britain was more than willing.) (2) Otherwise the territory should go to Turkey. (3) Or, finally, if all else failed, the territory might be divided. At that time no one would consider number three, so the choice remained between the other two pleasantly diametrical proposals. But Turkey's representative on the League Council refused to pledge himself to accept the Council's decision (the opinion of the majority was known to favor Great Britain); and war hovered over the Near East. Colonel Amery, Great Britain's pugnacious representative, breathed shrapnel and poison gas, and talked about British responsibilities. Tewfik Rushdi Bey withdrew from the Council. As we write, however, signs of reconciliation appear. Tewfik, after an interview with Briand, has hinted at the possibility of a compromise. This might be accomplished by a division of the territory or by special compensations to Turkey on the part of the British. The latter course is the one toward which Great Britain is most favorably disposed.

THE APPEAL of "law and order"—with the harrowing specter of a "red" reign as the alternative—has won another election. This time it was in Australia, and the exact slogan of the stand-patters was the alliterative phrase "Communism or the Commonwealth." It was sufficiently effective so that in the parliamentary elections the coalition government of Mr. Bruce—supported by the Nationalist and the Country parties—has slightly increased its lead in the House of Representatives and has a working majority in the Senate. The defeat of Labor is attributed to dissatisfaction over the shipping strike and to the fact that Mr. Bruce was able to tag his opponents as communists without adequate rebuttal. Nevertheless, a correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says that the Labor Party has

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largely reestablished itself since its losses during the war. This is evident from its position in the parliaments of the six states of the commonwealth. In 1918 the Nationalist Party controlled all the state parliaments except that of Queensland, whereas now Labor is in the saddle everywhere except in Victoria. Incidental to the recent commonwealth elections it may be noted that the new compulsory voting law—under which failure to cast a ballot is punishable by a fine of £2—raised the number of those going to the polls from 60 per cent in 1922 to 90 per cent this year.

IN A RECENT ISSUE [November 11] we gave some authoritative facts and figures setting forth the astonishing industrial recovery of Russia. Across our desk now comes the balance sheet of the All-Russian Textile Syndicate, with offices at 120 Broadway, New York City. This corporation is the American agent for the Soviet Government's textile trust which manufactures 96 per cent of Russia's cotton, wool, silk, and linen goods. The balance sheet is duly certified by one of New York's leading firms of certified public accountants, and it is further announced that Simpson, Thatcher and Bartlett are the general counsel. The total assets on September 30, 1925, were almost $14,000,000. During the fiscal year ended on that date over $44,000,000 of raw cotton, dyes, and machinery were purchased in the United States. In all 298,000 bales were shipped to Murmansk and thirty-one steamships were chartered to transport the merchandise. For the previous year 220,000 bales were shipped. Meanwhile the parent company in Moscow estimates the production of finished cotton goods for 1925 at 65.4 per cent of the 1912 total; of woolen goods, 82.7 per cent; of linen goods, 107.3 per cent. Where less than 300,000,000 meters of cotton goods were manufactured in 1921, 1,500,000,000 meters will be turned out this year. Linen has jumped from 35,000,000 meters in 1921 to 115,000,000 in 1925.

THE ECONOMIC SITUATION in Porto Rico is critical, as is evidenced by the protest recently submitted to President Coolidge by Santiago Iglesias, on behalf of the Free Federation of Workingmen, as well as by the last report of Governor Towner. The Free Federation of Workingmen asks that the island be put under the Department of the Interior. The nationalist movement sees the only chance for salvation in complete independence. The "Alliance," compromising between the statehood ideal of the Republicans and the modified independence platform of the Unionists, while declaring for "sovereignty within the sovereignty of the United States," has limited its ambition to obtaining the right for Porto Rico to elect its own governor. This means that the "Alliance," which holds all but four seats in the Legislature, would control the governor and all government appointments so long as it could maintain its political domination of the island. But the "Alliance" is finding out that its supremacy alone is not the cure-all that it pictured to the voters a year ago. It had a scare when, on October 30, in the midst of the opposition to its sales-tax law, a new party was launched by the big agricultural interests combined with the Chamber of Commerce. Much disturbance was observable in "Alliance" circles until November 5, when, after a secret conference between the leaders of the new movement and the "Alliance" heads, it was announced that "the interview ended amid the greatest harmony and cordiality."

TO PRINCETON UNIVERSITY and especially to Lewis Fox, a Princeton senior, goes the credit for initiating what we think was the most completely representative student conference ever held in America. Everybody knows that the delegates from some 250 colleges and universities came primarily to discuss the World Court. Their action as well as the votes in the colleges where a campaign had previously been conducted by an able committee of the Student Christian Association showed an overwhelming sentiment for joining the court. What pleased us about this discussion in the colleges, and more especially at Princeton, was that even the advocates of the court did not claim that by so cheap a price as joining it could America purchase the costly gift of peace. This note of sober realism even in propaganda is all too new in America. The students' fear of one-sided statements was well shown at Princeton where pains were taken to present many sides of the peace problem. The World Court issue itself was publicly debated by Senator Lenroot and Clarence Darrow, and in the discussion groups problems of armament, imperialism, the effect of the Locarno treaties, etc., were frankly faced. The students weren't afraid even to have a Socialist among the eminently respectable leaders of their discussion of world affairs.

THAT AMERICAN STUDENTS want to keep on talking over their own problems as students and as citizens was proved by their action at Princeton in forming a national federation. Usually we feel like applying birth control or even infanticide to new organizations in a world overpopulated by them. But this organization commends itself to us both by its purpose and the spirit and intelligence of its founders. They want to promote friendship with students of other lands but do not dream of importing a foreign youth movement ready-made to this country. They proved themselves sincere in wanting to break down the racial prejudices that lead to war by beginning at home. They elected Miss Holloway, an able Negro student from Howard University, to their executive committee. And the significant thing is not that there was some Southern opposition to this election but that there was much Southern support of it. Finally, by seating Felix Cohen of the College of the City of New York, the students showed courteously but firmly that their organization was to represent students and not faculties. Whatever its future, the new federation has begun well.

WHILE WE WILL not go so far as to say that the wishes of the students should be decisive in determining what should be required in an educational course, we do feel that such opinion is entitled to much weight. When that opinion has been expressed by a vote of 2,092 to 345, as in the referendum of the College of the City of New York against compulsory military training, the reason for heeding it becomes the more impressive. Yet the faculty of this college has voted to retain compulsory drill with only one professor, Morris R. Cohen, taking a public stand on the other side. This attitude, as we have previously suggested, is probably due as much to fear—fear for their jobs, fear for city appropriations—as to personal belief. Hope, therefore, rests in the students alone. We trust they will not flag. We want to see them carry out the proposal for a referendum among their parents, which we believe will not vary greatly from that among the students.

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In addition we hope the students will put up a continuing, earnest, and aggressive fight upon compulsory soldiering. If the older men responsible for the conduct of the College of the City of New York are so devoted to war, let them have it a plenty.

GOVERNOR WALKER OF GEORGIA is publicly exulting over Governor Silzer of New Jersey, and he is well entitled to do so. Two years ago there was arrested in New Jersey Silas Parmore, a Negro fugitive from Georgia, against whom a charge of murder had been laid. Declaring that he would be given over to a mob if he were returned to Georgia, he fought extradition, and Governor Silzer was sufficiently impressed by his argument to warn the authorities in Georgia that Parmore must have a fair trial or no other fugitive would be returned from New Jersey under his administration. Now Governor Walker writes that he is sure that Governor Silzer will be "pleased to receive official notice that Silas Parmore has been tried by a jury in Georgia, given a fair and impartial trial, and found not guilty by a jury of twelve white south Georgia citizens." Governor Walker insists that "the State of Georgia and its people are no worse than those of other States." We are happy to record this incident as proof of the improvement of the administration of justice in the South and to express the hope that before long the Governor of Georgia and all the Southern executives will be able to report not only the acquittal of innocent Negroes but their acquittal by a jury of their peers, as required by the Constitution. A Negro should have the right to trial by a mixed jury, at least, and should not always face one of white men. We are happy to add that in three cases of alleged criminal assault on white women in North Carolina that State admirably protected the accused from mobs, proved that one Negro was entirely innocent of the charge, and that another was guilty of simple assault, while the third has been sentenced to death by regular procedure.

NO SOONER do President Coolidge and the Morrow commission assure us that all is well with aviation and that we are leading the world, or at least just as well off in material and personnel proportionately as any other country, than there comes a report of a House of Representatives special committee headed by Mr. Lampert to declare that "an alarming situation still exists in the army and navy air services." Taking direct issue with the President, the committee declares that we rank "not higher than third nor lower than fifth among the nations of the world" and it asserts that although more than $40,000,000 has been spent in the improvement of the service it has deteriorated in both morale and equipment. What shall the layman think? What shall the public say? We have had now three reports by committees or commissions and we have the testimony brought out before the Shenandoah inquiry and the Mitchell court martial. They present a mass of contradictory and directly diverging statements. We ourselves are of the opinion that neither the army nor the navy will ever make a go of aviation. They will do stunt flying well, but when it comes to developing the science of aviation they will always be throttled by the conservatism and red tape of the bureaucrats who invariably control both army and navy. To stop a frightful waste of money the people ought to ask for the abolition of military and naval aviation altogether.

THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY has wisely bestowed upon I. N. Phelps Stokes the first gold medal it has ever awarded, besides holding a public reception in his honor. For Mr. Stokes has just published in five thick volumes his extraordinarily valuable iconographic history of Manhattan Island. During the last fourteen years he has spent much time and money in recording the life of New York City not only in the form of a diary of the important happenings in the rise of the metropolis but in the presentation of a mass of material, notably maps and illustrations, all recorded with unquenchable enthusiasm, the passion of the collector of ancient things, the judgment of the detached historian, and the skill of the scholar. But this is only one of Mr. Stokes's notable services. When the State Library at Albany was largely destroyed by fire Mr. Stokes headed a group to rescue what was left of the manuscripts. From the Governor he obtained guards and helpers. As the present State historian relates it:

> For two days he directed the work and thus saved priceless treasures. Twice during the first day of rescue work Mr. Stokes was carried from the manuscript room, unconscious from the smoke, and each time upon reviving he insisted upon returning. Like a gallant officer he led his forces, under hopeless odds, against the enemy—fire, water, wind, smoke, and ice—and saved 80,000 manuscripts together with George Washington's fire-scarred sword.

All of which achievements Mr. Stokes has done his best to hide with a cloak of modesty.

THE WALT WHITMAN exhibition at the New York Public Library is striking evidence that the "good gray poet" has at last achieved in America the particular sort of eminence which leads to public monuments and to recognition by institutions. The cases of editions, manuscripts, translations, and mementos assembled at this exhibition are indeed so numerous and so full that Whitman might seem for the moment to have attained a position high enough to be unassailable. But the assaults have not ceased; the Whitman war still rages. Last week we commented upon an article wherein Ernest Boyd charges Whitman with having debauched a literary generation in Europe and America. Now comes a copy of the *Americana Collector*, the first item in which is an open letter to the trustees of the New York Public Library, insisting upon the "untimeliness" of the exhibition. It is untimely, says the author, Charles F. Heartman, because the world in general has yet to learn that the poet was not good even if he was gray. When the world becomes aware that the author of "Calamus" was abnormal, Mr. Heartman implies, it will cease to read him; and he quotes with approval the librarian of "an Eastern college" who testified "that students who asked for Whitman's books always received a privatissima. After being thus enlightened most of them don't care any more to read the books." In other words, the "good gray poet" stands ready to debauch mankind. We had not been informed that certain natural enough suspicions as to Whitman's private character had been scientifically confirmed. And even if they had, we are forced to wonder how long any artist would have to wait for his fame if that fame depended upon a clean bill of moral health. Shall we stop reading Shakespeare until we know for sure whether or not the sonnets were written to a man? Must those who have read Freud on Leonardo da Vinci henceforth forswear The Virgin of the Rocks?

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War Claims and National Honor

AGAIN has Senator Borah scored heavily. The plan recently announced by the Administration providing for the return of the sequestrated alien property and the payment of American claims is the direct result of the movement, initiated by Senator Borah and his supporters, for the disposition of one of the most deplorable legacies of the war. Secretary Mellon's belated acceptance of the doctrine he now announces that "As a matter of broad national policy it is believed the United States should recognize the property rights of private individuals even though we were at war with their country, and not use this private property of nationals to pay claims against their nation," is a tribute to the soundness of view and judgment of those who, like *The Nation*, have given expression ever since 1918 to this self-evident truth.

It will be recalled that the most solemn promises were made in 1917 that the sequestrated property would be returned at the end of the war. The overwhelming victory, however, impaired the national morality and, having the power to be as lawless as it chose, the Administration simply changed its mind. The Knox-Porter resolution contained a provision to the effect that we might "retain" the sequestrated property until Germany made "suitable provision for the satisfaction of" the claims of American citizens.

The present Administration plan provides for the return of the property in kind amounting to some $150,000,000; for the $150,000,000 of seized cash the owners are required "voluntarily" to accept $50,000,000 in bonds and $100,000,000 in cash. The owners of the ships seized in American harbors at the outbreak of war and of radios and patents used by the United States are to receive "fair and reasonable compensation," not to exceed $100,000,000 in bonds, an ambiguity presently to be discussed. The claims of American citizens against Germany, estimated, including interest to 1926, at $180,000,000, will be paid by $80,000,000 in cash and $100,000,000 in bonds. To make up the $80,000,000, $31,000,000 of undistributed interest, accumulated on alien property funds down to March 4, 1923, will be used, together with the $50,000,000 of alien property cash for which the owners must "voluntarily" agree to take bonds.

The $250,000,000 worth of bonds provided for in the plan, and distributed as mentioned above, are to be issued by a trustee or trust company and to run for twenty-five years at 5 per cent interest, guaranteed by the United States. Principal and interest are to be payable in marks or dollars, at the option of the United States. They are to be served in first instance by the receipts coming to the United States from the Dawes Plan, under the head both of Rhine army costs and claims, as allocated under the Paris agreement of January, 1925. For the Rhine army costs priority payments are to be made to the United States amounting to $13,000,000 per year, of which one year's instalment has already been paid. Under the head of claims we are to receive 2¼ per cent of the German payments, not exceeding $10,000,000 per year, with no priority.

The crux of the solution lies in the acquiescence of the Administration to devoting Rhine army costs to the payment of claims of American citizens. This was proper for two reasons: first, because those costs would have had to be borne by the United States in any event, and secondly, because the naivete of the Wilson and Harding administrations permitted the Allies to embezzle these funds, about $250,000,000, after Germany had paid the amount to the Reparation Commission for our account. When Washington woke up to the facts and demanded our quota, Poincaré calmly informed the Department of State that the money had been spent and that we were privileged to ask Germany for it a second time. We lamely took the advice; hence the Wadsworth agreement of 1923, providing for the reimbursement of the United States from *future* German payments, which, in turn, gave way to the Paris agreement of 1925 under the Dawes Plan. For the claims proper, the Allies at Paris in 1925 generously let us have 2¼ per cent of the German payments, which it was known was quite insufficient. Again the ineptitude of the Administration brought about a diplomatic defeat. The British and French governments to the last hoped to force us into a policy of confiscation, and none more than they will regret that we have manifested a partial respect for the principle of immunity of private property, the gross violation of which by those nations is likely to cost them heavily in the future. The effort to escape the charge of confiscation by alleging that Germany is obligated to compensate its expropriated nationals only adds the immorality of hypocrisy to the offense of theft.

It was, therefore, only proper that the United States Government, which was responsible for the short-changing received at the hands of the Allies, should itself bear the risks of the Dawes Plan and should not penalize for its own shortcomings the owners of the sequestrated property or, indeed, the American claimants against Germany. Hence the provision for guaranteed bonds to be served out of the Dawes Plan payments. The American claims of $180,000,000 include $2,500,000 for Lusitania victims, about $15,000,000 for requisitions, about $25,000,000 for private debts and estate claims based practically on the depreciation of the mark, and about $60,000,000 for marine insurance companies.

The Mellon plan of settlement warrants certain comments. The $31,000,000 of undistributed interest belong not only to Germans but to American citizens and others whose property was seized and later returned, yet who were victims of the unjust rule that the Government does not pay interest on its obligations unless the law especially so provides. While it would be extremely difficult to allocate the sum, it would probably not be impossible. Again, it is extraordinary that provision should be made for "fair and reasonable compensation" to German shipowners, owners of radio stations and patents expropriated by the Government, yet that the liability should be limited to a specific total sum, $100,000,000. It is known that these assets were worth immeasurably more; $100,000,000 is therefore neither "fair" nor "reasonable." If the United States is liable, it is liable for the real value of the expropriated property and not for an arbitrary, fictitious value set in advance by the taker alone.

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Again, it is understood that as a condition of receiving so much of their property back the German owners had to waive all claims for the devastation wrought upon it by the overzealous and destructive policies of A. Mitchell Palmer and Francis P. Garvan, Alien Property Custodians. This demand is unworthy of the United States and amounts to a partial confiscation. Senator Borah should not let it pass.

But on the whole the plan of settlement is to be welcomed, although it contains defects which should be corrected in Congress. It may cost the United States little. Whatever it costs it will be a cheap price to pay for rescuing us from a horrible mistake of policy and for restoring in some measure the national tradition and international law.

Rum, Radicalism, and Rebellion

DISPATCHES from Ohio report a dark brew of rum and radicalism at the State University. The students are being corrupted with liquor at their fraternity dances and with communism in the classroom. So, at least, the Governor of the State has learned from a report made by Assistant Prohibition Commissioner Probst after a raid in which he discovered a quart of whiskey and the paraphernalia for making more in the home of Dabney Horton, a member of the English Department.

Doubtless this agent of law and virtue found what he says he found. Doubtless if he looks further he will find more. Doubtless if an honest census were taken, even among college professors, the proportion of 100 per cent law-upholders would be modest. We are only mildly interested in the evidence of Mr. Horton's success as a home brewer and distiller. What interests us is this alleged union of rum and radicalism. Mr. Horton, says Assistant Commissioner Probst, "is of the parlor socialist type and has written for communistic papers." He even forfeited his citizenship during the war and became a citizen of France. "The professor and his wife do not have a perspective that will make them good American citizens. The professor himself is of the dangerous type that is wrecking Europe." Well, of course, Mr. Horton did assist more or less in the wrecking of Europe, and he did lose his citizenship. He went to France a couple of years before the rest of the United States army, joined the Lafayette Escadrille, and fought in the war—necessarily as a citizen of France. But after the war was over he retired from the wrecking business, and when he was invited to fly over the villages of the Riff with a little group of American bombers he declined; his regrets were expressed in language both picturesque and forcible in an article in *The Nation* for October 7 (doubtless the "communistic" paper referred to by Mr. Probst).

But Mr. Horton is not only a home brewer and a parlor pink. He is, says Mr. Probst, "an esthete as well," and this, in the Assistant Commissioner's bright lexicon, is pretty nearly the same thing. Mr. Probst exposes some examples of Mr. Horton's poetry as evidence against him. He reports that when he raided the Horton home he was entertained with verses by this "dangerous" character which he quotes for the enlightenment of the Governor:

> Sniff! sniff! There's a wolf at the door.
> Since the first of the month he's been sniffing about
> And glaring so fiercely we dare not go out.
> What can we give him to drive him away,
> With bills and the wolf and the devil to pay?
> Sniff! sniff! The wolf's at the door.
> It's the boy with the bill from the grocery store.

Nor is Mr. Probst content with this damaging evidence against Mr. Horton. He goes further:

> It seems that the idea of being a violator of the Constitution of our country had not dawned upon him. Laws were made for the coarse and common and not for him. Like a humming bird coming to the rose for a sip of nectar, he descended from his intellectual realm to the moonshine still for a sip of rum and became entangled in the meshes of the law.

And so Mr. Horton, Bolshevik, scofflaw, humming bird—and incidentally a gifted teacher—has been suspended from the faculty of Ohio State University, and the Governor is instituting a probe of lawless practices in clubs and professors' houses and of radical teaching in the classrooms.

We are impressed by the keen sensibilities of the prohibition enforcers of Ohio who not only detect forbidden aromas in cellars of private homes, but also the traces of radical ideas in private minds. And we wonder, unjustly perhaps, whether that little still would ever have been discovered in Mr. Horton's house if he had not been known to write for "communistic journals" and to question the propriety of bombing small nations.

Mr. Coolidge Beguiles the Farmer

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is stronger on economy than in economics. When he talks "tariff," its splendors so dazzle him that consistency and logic are obscured and statistics take an Einstein curve instead of a straight line. In his annual message to Congress the tariff is the one thing about which nothing is said, presumably for the reason that he stands pat on that perfect instrument, the Fordney tariff, and because he had discussed the topic of agriculture and the relation of the tariff to farmers in his address before the American Farm Bureau Federation at Chicago on the Monday preceding.

In his Chicago address the President presented a flattering and optimistic picture of modern American agriculture in contrast with the agriculture of the past and in other countries. It is largely justified, though such a fact as the larger yield of wheat per acre in the closer cultivation of European countries detracts somewhat from our self-satisfaction. He then repeated, with straightforward candor, his opposition to nostrums for the cure of present ills through governmental intervention, and announced his worthy program for promoting cooperative marketing and other independent methods of making the most of our farming facilities. In blind contradiction to the principles of non-interference which he thus enunciated, he then proceeded to prove to the assembled farmers that the tariff is an unmitigated blessing for them and that it is not they but the industrial and city population that pays the tariff bills.

As they listened to the President there must have been a puzzled look on the faces of those members of the American Farm Bureau Federation who had read in its Weekly News Letter of January 11, 1923, the report of its Department of Research on what the American farmer gains and loses by the tariff. By an ingenious, if not

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ingenuous, argument, which it is difficult to follow, the President reached the remarkable conclusion that our farmers are taxed by the tariff in net result not more than 1 1/3 per cent of their expenditures. The Farm Bureau experts figure somewhat differently. To the full extent of the duties the gain to agriculture would be $124,800,000, of which sugar accounts for $45,800,000, wool $37,500,000, tobacco $10,000,000, and wheat and all other cereals together but $11,000,000. Thus any possible gain by tariff-heightened prices affects, as in other industries, special States or classes only: Louisiana and the beet-sugar interests, Ohio and Texas and the rangers in the mountain States who seek the use of our national forests for grazing, and certain New England and Southern States growing tobacco, while the whole body of the people as consumers, by the same reckoning, are mulcted $391,700,000 and the farmers as consumers $94,900,000, for the benefit of the special agricultural classes named—these figures referring to farm products only. The same experts figure that the tariff on all dutiable imports increases prices thereon $1,715,000,000, of which the farmers pay $426,000,000—figures which contrast rather startlingly with the President's.

The economic confusion in Mr. Coolidge's argument comes from the too usual ignoring of "the forgotten man," the farmer as *consumer* of all products, while the "protection" benefits, so far as there are such, are gained only by special classes, whether among farmers or the general community. It has been a leading argument in favor of the tariff that the wage-earners are the chief beneficiaries, but the President incidentally asserted that the industrial and city population bear the burden of tariff duties. He declared also that the labor and service which the farmers buy are untaxed, ignoring the fact that those who serve pay taxes indirectly in the cost of living.

That all is not happy in the field of "protection" may be illustrated by some detailed facts. The textile industries, with the highest protective duties, are in so bad a way that their official spokesman, confessing that they pay the lowest wages of any American industry, appeals for still higher duties, while the Carded Woolen Manufacturers Association makes complaint that the specific duties on wool, reaching 191 per cent ad valorem on the cheaper wools, are ruinous to the business, and the president of the American Federation of Labor serves notice that if the decreases of wages, which have produced so many strikes, are not ended, the A. F. of L. will ask for a reduction of the duties on woolens. The fact is that the "pyramiding" of duties from those on wool to those on woolens has made clothing, blankets, and the like, which the farmer and the rest of us must buy, so high in price that we are wearing our old things and giving the woolen mills orders for only 60-70 per cent of their capacity, whereas they claim they must increase their output by 15 to 20 per cent to give a fair return. And every housewife, in the farmhouse as well as the city home, who uses aluminum utensils must pay the 80 per-cent duty on kitchen ware which favors the Mellon aluminum trust, officially declared to be a lawbreaker.

Finally, the President enumerated the articles on the free list for the special benefit of the farmer, including farm machinery, in which we excel the world, and gasoline, which we sell to the world, so that a duty would be as delusive as the duty on wheat and other farm products, the chief use of which is to fool the farmer politically.

The Menace of Education

OUT in Hawaii there is a man who understands the menace of education. His name is John Hind and, retiring as president of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, he discussed the labor problem, the tariff, soil conditions, taxation, and education. People, he said, were getting too much education, and it was a mistake to let teachers instead of business men plan the courses of study. We quote from the text of his address, as reprinted in the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin:*

> Why blindly continue [he asks] a ruinous system that keeps a boy or girl in school at the taxpayers' expense long after they have mastered more than sufficient learning for all ordinary purposes, simply to enlighten them on subjects of questionable value. . . .
>
> The present elaborate and idealistic school system . . . will in the end, I fear, produce a generation of impractical men and women who, believing . . . manual labor is beneath them, will bring about a condition of stunted or retarded development under which it may be found impossible to raise but a fraction of the amount of taxes which we are today called upon to pay. . . .
>
> The solution, as I see it, is that the taxpayer be relieved of further responsibility after the pupil has mastered the sixth grade, or possibly the eighth grade in a modified form.

To effect the necessary change, Mr. Hind feels, will require the cooperation of "some of our practical conservative business men" where hitherto we have trusted to mere educators who "by their training and devotion to learning have become unduly idealistic and hence extravagant." Education must be looked upon "in the light of a business matter."

This is an excrescence of Coolidge-economy philosophy which we may expect to see break out elsewhere than in the cane-fields of the mid-Pacific. Mr. Hind is concerned with two things—low taxes and cheap labor, wherein he resembles many of the props of the republic on the mainland, and his logic is far better than his grammar. The present American system of giving every child as much schooling as he will swallow is costly; and it produces young men and women who do not care to work, either on sugar plantations or in steel mills, for twelve hours a day. Elsewhere in his address Mr. Hind praises the Hawaiian bureau of labor for its success in importing, during a recent strike, large numbers of Filipino laborers whose standard of living was still lower than that prevailing in the gardens of Eden (as the tourist literature describes them) about Mauna Loa.

Whatever its other faults, American education cannot be accused of fostering a soporific contentment with plain living. The product of the American public school wants a telephone, a Ford car, and a radio set, and he expects his education to enable him to earn them. Mr. Hind will have to pay more than a dollar a day for sugar workers if he is to hire public-school graduates; and if our present immigration policy continues there will soon be none but public-school graduates to hire.

Education—even pretty poor and formalistic education—undoubtedly does produce, as Mr. Hind says, "visionary highbrows" who are not content to work as their fathers worked. It creates discontent. If the half-baked schoolboys of China had known either more or less they would never have awakened a sleeping continent. In Pittsburgh, Oahu, and Shanghai a little knowledge is still a dangerous thing. Fortunately.

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LIBRARY BOOK

Lafayette, We Want Our Money

By ALLEN S. OLMSTED, 2nd

THE man on Main Street (and his representative on Pennsylvania Avenue) seems to view the French debt like the five dollars he lent his brother-in-law several years ago. In the name of all that is good and solvent, why shouldn't it be repaid? It was a loan, not a gift. Folks that borrow ought to pay up, and everything else is bolshevism. Thus the man on Main Street.

To the Frenchman, it is not so simple. He never got any five dollars. Whatever he borrowed he immediately paid out again to American citizens for war supplies. Those American citizens made themselves rich selling the war supplies—so rich that they have to pay a surtax on their incomes. Those same citizens are now endeavoring to have the debt paid so as to reduce their surtaxes and thus further augment their profit. Hence the Frenchman sees the demand that the debt be paid as an effort to make the widow and children of the defender of Verdun pay for the uniform in which he was buried.

Such sentimentality is to be deplored. Business is business. To be sure the money was spent to weave horizon blue in Massachusetts woolen mills and the price was, to be sure, adequate. And it is doubtless true also that either the families of French veterans or the veterans themselves must pay most of the debt; for who else is there in France to pay taxes? The Frenchman's premise, therefore, may be true and his conclusion may follow from his premise; but we are a practical people and we do not like this sentimental manner of stating conclusions. It would be more businesslike to say that debts are debts and ought to be paid. In a business transaction there should be no sentiment.

Our relations with France were on a business basis. We were partners in a business venture. The object of the business was to defeat the German army. The mode of transacting that business was to discharge missiles from guns, and that required both missiles and men to shoot them. We furnished most of the missiles and the French most of the men. All of the missiles and many of the men were destroyed. We shall expect the French to pay for our missiles; as for their men, why— Oh, yes, their men, or at least the ones who weren't destroyed, are the ones who are to pay for the missiles.

When America joined the partnership in April, 1917, it was her effort to get the men and munitions to the line at the earliest date possible. The munitions got there about a year before the men. If the men had reached there as soon as the munitions, they could have fired the shells. In that case we would have paid for the shells and also for the white crosses and war-risk insurance of the men who were destroyed while shooting them. But our men did not get there so soon, and to our partners fell the job of repelling the enemy and of paying for the ammunition with which they did that job.

The writer was one of "our boys"—a member of an American regiment which operated light railways for the British army. On March 24, 1918, we ran a Baldwin locomotive off the track into a shell hole in order to keep the Germans from capturing and using it. That locomotive typifies the whole inter-Allied debt. Built at Eddystone, Pennsylvania, it was sold to the British Government at a price which afforded American workmen good wages and the Baldwin stockholders good dividends. The British Government "paid" for it out of money borrowed from the United States, which is another way of saying that the United States paid for the locomotives and the British Government promised to repay the American Government. The American Government had itself borrowed the money from certain of its citizens, and it is at this minute taxing those citizens and others, including me, to pay interest on the money borrowed. It says to the British Government: "Come, now, remember your promise. Tax your citizens more in order that we may tax our citizens less. For so it was agreed."

Yes, it was so agreed, and the net effect of the agreement is that the survivors of the British Third Army are being taxed more in order that we, who were attached to that army, should be taxed less. We are dunning them to pay for the locomotive we dumped into the shell hole. It sounds absurd; it is absurd; and to one who recalls the circumstances of that terrible night in March, 1918, it also seems shabby. But pass the shabbiness. When the reason has been found why my British companions in the flight from the Somme should be taxing themselves to pay me interest on the cost of the locomotive we both abandoned, the reason will also be apparent why the children and the grandchildren of those soldiers should tax themselves to pay the interest on the same locomotive to my children and grandchildren.

That reason is short and simple: it was so agreed. If the French debt is funded to extend over sixty-two years, as the British and Italian debts have been, the grandchildren of Joffre's army will be paying the grandchildren of Pershing's army, not because there is a good reason why they should pay, but because Clemenceau and Caillaux promised Wilson and Mellon that they would pay. For such is the law; what governments promise, their citizens unto the third and fourth generations must do.

The law is in this respect based on a legal fiction. It decrees that what "France" borrowed in 1917, "France" is bound to repay sixty-two years later just as though the borrower of 1917 and the repayer of 1979 were identical. But how many of the French taxpayers of 1979 will have had anything to do with the contracting of the debt, or with the war for which it was contracted? As for the creditor nation, it has redrafted its immigration law so as to encourage immigration from those noble Nordics, our former enemies. There are already in this country many German soldiers and there will be many more. These Germans, and their children, are among those who are entitled to exact payments for the locomotive captured by the German army in 1918. Thus shall the "inter-Allied" debts be paid.

Right there is the difference between the inter-grandchildren-of-allies debt and the five dollars which the man on Main Street lent to his brother-in-law. In the man-to-man transaction there is no legal fiction to say that the borrower and his son are the same person, and any lawyer

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in Gopher Prairie will tell you that if the father dies without paying, you cannot collect the debt from the son. But international law is more severe. That is worth remembering. When we are asking the next generation of Frenchmen to pay the debt which international law places on them, we are asking them to pay a debt which neither the law of France nor the law of the United States would put on them if their fathers had borrowed in their personal rather than in their governmental capacity.

The legal fiction! I shall enter on no encomium upon it; it needs none. All modern business is built around the fiction that a corporation is a "person." The Supreme Court's power to nullify legislation springs from the fiction that the Constitution is the will of the people, more immediately and directly expressed than by an Act of Congress. The legal fiction was invented in an effort to reconcile justice with logic. When it ceases to do justice, it should cease to circulate as good fiction. We would do well to reconsider the fiction that "France" borrowed and "France" must pay in the light of whether it is either wise or just to require Frenchmen to pay money into the American Treasury.

Mr. Owen D. Young, in discussing inter-Allied debts, draws a picture of General Pershing returning to the tomb of Lafayette. He stands at attention, salutes, and declaims: "We are here, Lafayette; and this time we want our money."

Why drag Lafayette into it? Why not! Lafayette had as much to do with the lending of the money as did the people who will be asked to pay it back half a century hence.

Has the Negro the Right of Self-Defense?

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

FEW criminal cases have combined the dramatic intensity, the forensic brilliance, and the deep social significance present in the trial just concluded at Detroit of Dr. Ossian Sweet and ten other Negroes charged with the murder of a white man. For more than a month all the efforts of the prosecutor and the police were bent toward securing a verdict of life imprisonment from the white jury. Fighting for the right of the defendants and all other Negroes to defend themselves against assault was the ablest criminal advocate who ever faced an American jury, Clarence Darrow, and with him Arthur Garfield Hays of New York, Walter M. Nelson of Detroit, and Herbert Friedman of Chicago. The jury, after deliberating for forty-six hours, was unable to agree, and on November 27 was discharged. Perhaps it was only to be expected that there would be no agreement among twelve men selected at random from a community—or a nation for that matter—in which there is so little agreement upon the difficult problem really at the bottom of the case.

For this was no ordinary murder trial. Back of it all was the whole sensitive problem of race relations, intensified a thousand-fold by the recent Northern migration of the Negro; hovering over and touching the whole proceeding was the somber cloud of race prejudice.

If a crowd of Negroes had tried to drive a family of whites from their home in a Negro neighborhood and a Negro had been killed by shots from the house, it is difficult to imagine a prosecutor even making an arrest. The right to defend home and self is ancient and well-established; it has been honored for centuries by juries and courts. But suppose, as was the fact in this case, that the home is inhabited by Negroes, suppose the crowd is made up of white neighbors, angered by the undesired presence of the blacks—and fearful of a depreciation in real-estate values. Suppose while the white crowd is throwing stones and acting menacingly under the cover of approaching night a volley from the house kills a white man. Between these two cases the "law" makes no distinction, but it will be a very rare white jury that will be able or willing to see that the two situations are identical. It is a tribute to the capacity of Clarence Darrow to rouse the best in common men, and to the fairness of the extraordinary young judge who presided, that seven jurors held out for two days for acquittal and thus prevented their fellows from sending the defendants to the penitentiary.

The theory upon which the prosecution sought to send these eleven Negroes to prison for life—the extreme penalty in Michigan—is an interesting phase of this memorable case. No evidence of who fired the shot which killed Leon Breiner was available; he was struck by one bullet, whereas eight or ten were fired from within the house. It was therefore impossible to charge one defendant as the murderer and the others as co-principals, aiding and abetting. The charge of a conspiracy to kill would have been less severe than first-degree murder. The state accordingly charged each of the eleven with murder, alleging that all eleven acted under an *agreement* to kill anyone committing even the slightest trespass, regardless of the necessity for defense, so that each was equally responsible for the shooting done by one. No effort to prove such an agreement was made either by words or conduct, but the killing itself was regarded both as the crime and proof of the murderous agreement! Trade unionists who have suffered for generations by reason of the legal sleight-of-hand known as "conspiracy" will do well to keep their eyes upon this latest refinement upon that doctrine of oppression.

Proceeding upon this ingenious theory, the state, after proving that there was a killing, sought to anticipate and defeat the defendants' plea of self-defense. Witness after witness, chiefly white residents of the neighborhood, took the stand and insisted that the crowds which gathered about Dr. Sweet's home were small, orderly, and even "neighborly." Some were sorry spectacles under Darrow's pitiless cross-questioning and biting sarcasm, but for the most part they clung to the story that although it was necessary to have on duty sixteen policemen, in charge of a deputy chief, the neighborhood was a veritable vale of peace. One witness, asked by the prosecutor how many people he saw about the Sweet house, replied: "There was a great crowd . . . no, I won't say a great crowd . . . a large crowd . . . well, there were a few people there and the officers were keeping them moving." The cross-examination was illuminating:

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Q. Have you talked to anyone about the case?
A. Lieutenant Johnson (the police detective in charge).
Q. And when you started to answer the question you forgot to say "a few people," didn't you?
A. Yes, sir.

Those state witnesses who could be induced to admit that stones had been thrown amused the courtroom by referring to them as "pebbles," the "pebbles" introduced into evidence being chunks of cement, some of them the size of one's fist. The testimony of the police detailed to guard the house corroborated that of the residents of the vicinity in every respect.

The defense first produced witnesses, most of them Negroes, who gave a wholly different picture of conditions just before the shooting—a picture of an angry, threatening crowd, determined "to run the niggers out." It was further established that shortly after Dr. Sweet's purchase of a house in this white neighborhood, some seven hundred residents of the vicinity held an overflow mass meeting, and organized an "Improvement Association." That the "improvement" intended was keeping Negroes out of the district was clear.

The principal defendant, Dr. Sweet, was put on the stand, and stated the circumstances surrounding the shooting, as they appeared from within the beleaguered house. He told of the crowds on September 8 when he moved in, of the police detailed because of the known temper of the vicinity, of the threats and the stoning, of the massing of the crowd, and of the shooting. Then followed one of the most remarkable direct examinations to be found in all the records of criminal cases: a vivid picture of the fear-ridden mind of a black man, terrified by a hostile crowd of whites outside his home. The testimony was particularly effective because it came from the lips of a highly educated man, a graduate of two universities, just returned from research in Vienna, and a skilled physician. To show that Dr. Sweet believed his life was in danger Mr. Hays questioned him upon his mental life and emotional experience in so far as they touched upon his fear of mob violence. The examination brought out that the witness had seen the brutalities of the Washington race riots, had read accounts of the Chicago cruelties, of those at East St. Louis, Tulsa, and Omaha. He had talked with Detroit Negroes who had been driven from their new homes by white neighbors: in one case a fellow-physician whose house but three months before had been sacked by a mob, and who had been forced to convey away his newly purchased home while policemen looked on approvingly. Much of his information concerning the way his people had been abused and tyrannized by whites came from a reading of *The Nation*, and a number of issues were introduced into evidence. Thus the whole sordid panorama of bestiality was unrolled before the jury, in an effort to convey to the white men an understanding of the fear that gripped those eleven barricaded blacks. When finally the witness was asked his state of mind at the time of the shooting, he answered:

> When I opened the door I saw the mob and I realized . . . I was facing that same mob that has hounded my people throughout its entire history. . . . I was filled with a fear that only one could experience who knows the history and the sufferings of my race.

The climax of the trial was reached when Clarence Darrow walked slowly to the jury box and began his closing argument. A deep silence fell over the crowded noisy courtroom. The old man with the unutterably sad face and the great stooped shoulders seemed no mere lawyer pleading for hire. He seemed, instead, a patriarch out of another age, counseling his children, sorrowing because of their cruelty and hatred, yet too wise in the ways of men to condemn them for it. His voice was a low rumble; in it resounded all the misery his tired eyes had seen. Quietly and sadly he besought these twelve men to inflict no further hatred and injustice upon a race that has known nothing but hatred and injustice. He seemed to be pleading more that the white man might be just than that the black be free, more for the spirit of the master than the body of the slave. As his voice rumbled out the story of this yesterday's tragedy of race, the whole drama of the black man in America seemed to be there reenacted.

And then suddenly the voice of the lawyer rang out like a brass gong, his eyes became hard and grim, every muscle of his huge body was tense and strained. Darrow was no longer the patriarch, the philosopher. Now he had become the warrior, the veteran of a hundred battles for human freedom—battles against the greed of the strong, the cruelty of the many, the bigotry of the ignorant. Thoroughly aroused and angered, his head lowered like a fighter coming out of his corner, he turned upon the prosecutors, his arms swinging, eyes narrowed and pitiless, the brass gong clanging an alarm and a challenge. . . . John Brown before the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry. Owen Lovejoy defying the mob at Alton. Charles Sumner scourging Butler in the Senate Chamber. . . . In the veins of Darrow is the blood of the Abolitionists: his father was a friend of John Brown and sent more than one fleeing black man along his terrified way to Canada and freedom; again and again he had told the son tales of Garrison and Kelley and Foster and Pillsbury.

The black man's body had been freed, and the Abolitionist father had helped win him that freedom. There are no more underground railroads or fugitive-slave laws or whipping-posts. But there are mobs and torches and trees hideous with swinging black shapes, and there is suspicion, prejudice, hatred. And on the new battlefield, fighting a subtler foe, and one that may perhaps never be wholly defeated, is Clarence Darrow, son of the Abolitionists.

The story told in that courtroom was undoubtedly a sordid and disheartening one, but not wholly so. Has the white man of today advanced beyond his brother of two hundred years ago who traded slaves for rum? No one can answer with any assurance. But that the black man is making headway is clear beyond doubt. Of this, the young defendants themselves are striking evidence. Most of them are either graduates or students of colleges or professional schools; their grandparents were slaves who could neither read nor write! At the press table sat two colored newspaper men the match of any correspondent there. The factories seen from the courtroom windows are employing more and more Negroes every week. And there is encouragement, too, in the fact that Negroes can command so fair a trial in a land where most trials of Negroes have been mob-dominated travesties. For this trial was probably the fairest ever accorded a Negro in this country; had it been otherwise the defendants would now be on their way to a life in prison.

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The World Court—A Reply

By MANLEY O. HUDSON

THE advocates of America's giving its support to the World Court are now legion. For five years the question has been facing us, and for almost three years the proposal of American adhesion to the Court Protocol has been pending. During this period a great deal has been written on the subject. Many debates have been held. Students, lawyers, politicians have studied the question. From hundreds of platforms it has been explained and expounded. Public hearings have been conducted by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and the House of Representatives Committee on Foreign Affairs. And one might think that as a result the subject has been pretty thoroughly explored. In particular, the relation between the Court and the League, which was an object of attack in 1923, has been very fully considered.

But suddenly, on the eve of the debate in the Senate, we are told that we have all overlooked something very important. Mr. James N. Rosenberg, who describes himself as "an enthusiast for a world court," whatever that may be, tells us in *The Nation* of December 2, 1925, that we have all overlooked Article 13 of the Covenant of the League of Nations. He has been reading the Covenant of the League of Nations and he discovers there provisions by which members of the League of Nations have obligated themselves to carry out in good faith the decisions of the Court, and have agreed that in case of their failure to do so the Council of the League may propose what steps should be taken to give effect to the decision. He addresses to me the question whether my own statement on the connection between the Court and the League is not incomplete.

I would first suggest to Mr. Rosenberg that he read the Protocol of Signature and the adjoined Statute of the Court. He asks the question, to which he assumes an affirmative answer: "Is not the World Court established pursuant to the Covenant of the League of Nations?" Just what he means by "pursuant" I do not quite know. Pursuant in point of time? The clear answer is, Yes. The Covenant was in force a whole year and more before the Court was established. Pursuant in any other sense? The clear answer is, No. Mr. Rosenberg says the Court was "created to carry out the provisions" of Article 13 of the Covenant. He cannot have read the Court's Statute very far, for the very opening words in Article 1 are: "A Permanent Court of International Justice is hereby established, in accordance with Article 14 of the Covenant of the League of Nations." If this has the effect of incorporating into the Statute some provisions of Article 14, a question about which I have written at length, it does not similarly incorporate the provisions of Articles 13 and 16 to which Mr. Rosenberg refers. Nor is there any other part of the Statute which has that effect. So that I submit that Mr. Rosenberg's entire argument is based on a misconception. The Court was established "pursuant to," or as the Statute more accurately says "in accordance with," Article 14 of the Covenant and not pursuant to Article 13, nor "pursuant to the Covenant" as a whole.

But I must deal also with the bugaboo of "the army behind the World Court." Mr. Rosenberg's argument might have been stated to run as follows: The United States is asked to join with other nations in maintaining the World Court. The other nations to date, though this may not always be so, are all members of the League of Nations. By provisions in the Covenant of the League binding on them but in no way binding on the United States even after the United States gives its support to the World Court, these other nations are bound to submit to arbitration or judicial settlement such disputes as they themselves recognize at the time to be suitable for such submission; and when they do submit a case to the World Court they agree to carry out the decision and not to resort to war against any other member of the League which does carry it out. If any member fails to carry out a decision, the Council of the League "shall propose what steps shall be taken to give effect" to it; and if any member goes to war against another member which does comply with the decision, then it is to be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League which undertake to apply certain economic sanctions.

Now these obligations exist only because of the Covenant, and they would not be undertaken by the United States in giving its support to the World Court. The Covenant is one instrument, the Court Protocol and adjoined Statute are another. The United States will not become a party to the former by adhering to the latter. Mr. Rosenberg calls them Siamese twins. If that is an apt description while all parties to one are also parties to the other, which I do not admit, it will cease to be so when the United States becomes a party to one without becoming a party to the other. We shall cut the cord!

But there is one more string to Mr. Rosenberg's bow as he ought to use it. He may object to our joining in maintaining a Court with other nations which are bound among themselves by such obligations. What is the alternative? He says it is "a court of justice, backed not by arms but only by acquiescence and a decent respect for the opinion of mankind." Now suppose we should say to the other nations: Scrap the World Court; forget what you have builded during the last five years while we in America were debating; throw away the eighteen opinions which the World Court has handed down; send the judges back to their homes; and come to a conference in Washington where we shall set up a "real" world court according to American ideas which you will accept as we lay them out to you. And, if the limit of supposing has not been reached, suppose the other nations meekly agree and set up such a "real" world court. Then what will there be to prevent other states from getting together, perhaps at Locarno, and agreeing on precisely that procedure which the Covenant now lays down for preventing war in violation of the decisions of the new Court? Mr. Rosenberg might persuade our Secretary of State to call them naughty, but they could not be prevented—not unless America is to rule the world. For America, we may say that "acquiescence and a decent respect for the opinion of mankind" are the only sanctions we shall give to other nations or exact from them. We shall say this very clearly in adopting Mr. Hughes's "con-

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ditions and understandings." But we can hardly lay this down as mandatory for all the other peoples of the world. We might ask them to abolish the League of Nations as a condition of our supporting the World Court, but we cannot with very good grace ask them to agree not to set up another league among themselves after we have given our support.

Of course, the implication in Mr. Rosenberg's articles is that the United States would be assuming some great obligation in giving its support to the World Court. He calls it a "momentous step." The truth is that we should be assuming no obligation except that of paying our share of the expenses; and our own Congress will say what our share is. For it is not being proposed that the United States agree to take any case to the World Court, not even when in the words of Article 13 of the Covenant a dispute may arise which we "recognize to be suitable for submission to arbitration or judicial settlement."

The Canadian Progressives Divide and Fall

By DOUGLAS MACKAY

Ottawa, Canada, December 7

THE Progressive-Agrarian movement in Canada rose in 1921 with a sweeping rush from the ruck of post-war politics and placed sixty-five members in a House of Commons of 235, eclipsing in number even the historic Conservative Party. Today the Progressive Party is slipping into oblivion; it emerged from the general election of October 29 with its representation reduced to twenty-four. In 1921 it was a national party; 1925 found it a prairie farmer group.

Yet, though its numbers are reduced its influence as a third party promises to be greater than ever before. The dying Progressive movement is in a position to sustain or defeat the minority Liberal Government on the floor of the House. The Liberal Party slightly lowered the tariff during four years in office, and so gained sufficient Progressive support to remain in power. Progressives justified this support by claiming to be an advanced wing of the Liberal Party, with free-trade tendencies.

Last October the Government met numerical defeat in the general election. The new House of Commons has 117 Conservatives, 100 Liberals, twenty-four Progressives, two Laborites, and one Independent member. (Ten new seats were added to the representation by the 1923 Redistribution Act.) While in a minority, the Liberal Government still clings to office, and Parliament is summoned. Rather than resign the Government is meeting the House in the hope of bringing the Progressives into the Liberal fold on a general policy of "anything to keep the Tories out of power." The Liberals must have the support of most of the Progressives on every government measure, or surrender office to the high-tariff Tories, whose position would be untenable in the face of two low-tariff groups in opposition. It is an acute case of minority, third-party government.

The weakness in the Progressive movement is internal. It is losing its foothold on that treacherous slope which all reform parties must climb to survive. The party has rejected national organization and is breaking up into personal units. Some of its members in Parliament should bear the Socialist label. Others believe in economic group representation; that is, that their movement should be farmers and farmers only. A few still cling to the ideals of the leaders of the party in 1921—that it would be national, and would embrace all who believed in low tariff, low freight rates, banking reform, and a railway outlet to Hudson Bay for Western Canada.

Hon. T. A. Crerar, former minister of agriculture in the Union (war-time) Government, was leader of the newborn party in 1921, and in the interest of the Progressive movement stumped Canada from coast to coast. There were 150 candidates in the field and every evidence of a lusty adolescence for the new party. In rural sections a general bolt from the old parties took place, and sixty-five members, inexperienced in the ways of parliament, appeared at the opening of the House of Commons in Ottawa in 1922. It was a remarkable showing for a new party without tradition or precedent, and with only high ideals of public life to guide it. There was no campaign fund except single-dollar subscriptions; thus the Progressive movement entered politics without the usual fetters.

Social Ottawa shuddered at the prospect of a deluge of farmers, but the Progressives acquitted themselves with dignity and modesty. There was no arrogance, but there was real sincerity and willingness to learn. The most notable characteristic was suspicion—a suspicion of plots to seduce their votes, or plots to break up their party. There was a questionable political morality, they said, about rigid party lines. These fears dulled the fighting edge of the party until the Alberta representatives, always more radical than the rest, broke into open revolt and began to assert themselves as a leaderless group in the House of Commons. Associated with them was Miss Agnes MacPhail, an Ontario school-teacher and the only woman member of the House of Commons. Miss MacPhail entered the Parliament of Canada as a stern crusader. Her continued fight for better conditions for rural living and for the abolition of cadet training in the public schools has not weakened, but her manner has mellowed and she has gained the respect of many people who formerly branded her as an erratic radical.

As a party the Progressives injected new rules of conduct into the House of Commons. Its members were notably conscientious in their attendance in the House and voted whenever divisions were called, occasionally admitting dilemma—an extraordinary thing to do in a House accustomed to aye or nay according to party allegiance. Only once was the dignity of Parliament ruffled (the Canadian Parliament is more decorous than Westminster itself) and that was when some Progressives appeared in shirt-sleeves one warm June day. The Canadian House will not likely see a group of such diversity again, unless at some far-off date the two labor members succeed in expanding their numbers to 122. The party included five Protestant clergymen, as well as cattle breeders, grain growers, school-teachers, elevator managers, and editors of

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weekly papers. One-third of the members of the party in the House were born in Great Britain.

The revolt from within was fostered by several of the "British born" and was aimed partly at the leadership of the bloc. T. A. Crerar had been compelled to retire to devote his entire time to the United Grain Growers Company of Canada, of which he was president. He was succeeded by Robert Forke, a Scottish lowlander by birth and accent and a successful farmer of 1,600 acres in Manitoba. The native caution of Forke was too much for some of his younger followers, who broke away and were promptly given the unparliamentary title of "Ginger Group" by the press-gallery correspondents. So, for two sessions the Gingerites remained aloof from party caucus and led combative forays on their own account in the House. On major issues principle compelled them to vote with the whole agrarian group.

The revolt broke the back of the Progressive movement nationally. It had been fostered from Alberta, and Ontario resented it. The Progressives went into the 1925 election as a group of individuals and still with only single-dollar subscriptions for campaign funds. On the prairie there were small provincial organizations, but nothing resembling an effective machine. Robert Forke, the leader, confined himself in his campaigns to Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Old Ontario was recognized as lost to the Progressive movement and the leader of the party dared not go into Alberta, where the Ginger Group flourished.

In aiming for something higher the Progressives rejected the consolidating elements of the party system of organization. Crerar, the only experienced member of the group, had warned them in his parting message against disintegration. It was patronage, he told them, that had made the organizations of the older parties objectionable, and to survive the Progressive movement must organize on a national basis. But the warning went unheeded by the new members of Parliament, who felt secure in their seats and comfortable with their annual indemnity of $4,000.

The Progressives have come from the polls this time wounded and limping, but still with swords in hand. Whether or not they will offer their swords to the Liberals will be shown during the sessions of the fifteenth Parliament. Probably a few will continue to harry the Government by guerrilla tactics and call truce on major policies. The Government will absorb several Progressives whom the Liberal organization left unopposed at election time, and a handful of men, in reality Farmer-Socialists, will survive.

The dissatisfaction with the two old parties which gave the first vitality to the Progressive movement is far from dead, particularly in the three prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. Materially the Progressive experiment brought little to the West and the promises made by the older parties have begun to pall. A Western party, embracing city and country interests, is feeling its way to the light under the sound leadership of men whose names will command instant respect when the call is made for support. The leaders are working quietly and are willing to wait their opportunity.

Such a party would attract the enormous foreign-born population of the West as well as many of the British-born who are without Canadian party traditions. It would be a militant and aggressive force and would react in Quebec and the Atlantic provinces by stirring up demands there for geographical representation. These are the potential forces, rising from the collapse of the Progressive movement, which any administration must meet if the original confederation of nine provinces is to survive. Canada's geography is her most vital problem.

Soup, Soap, and Shoes

By STUART CHASE

We have mastered the Coolidge-Mellon idea that the best way to help the poor is to lighten the tax on millionaires, and that heavy levies on the dead discourage thrift and industry. Now we are working hopefully on the thought that paying big taxes on everything we eat, drink, wear, burn, live in, ride in, and go to is really a blessing in disguise.

THUS Howard Brubaker in the *New Yorker*. The following is the story of a young man who has tried diligently, but somehow has not been able to achieve Mr. Brubaker's peace of mind.

Mr. Mellon began to emphasize his tax-reduction plan in the spring of 1924. The philanthropic appeal was contagious, the heart of the Harriman National Bank in New York was touched, and it proceeded to run advertisements in the newspapers where the message to the poor and the struggling was put in bold type. Correspondence was invited. The appeal caught the eye of William J. Halperin of Mount Vernon, New York, who had been exercising his ingenuity trying to attain the good life on a salary of $45 per week. It filled him with hope and cheer, but being a young man with an unfortunate thirst for knowledge he wanted to find out what made the wheels go round, and through what specific channels would these rewards and fairies come. So he wrote to the Harriman National Bank and said: "Tell me just how and in what way will I benefit by reduction of taxes with my salary at $45 a week. I should say that the average earnings of men, taking the country as a whole, would not exceed $45. In writing to the Senators from New York I would like to be in possession of some facts to enable me to present my arguments intelligently."

Mr. Phillips, vice-president of the bank, replied promptly. "The benefit to those who do not make an income-tax return by reason of limited income would lie in the reduced cost of living, for you must recognize that all business passes on its costs, which include taxation, to the consumer. Thus, although you made no tax return, you pay rent and your landlord pays income taxes, his taxes being passed on to you in the form of rent. The Mellon plan for tax reduction would result in increased prosperity for the United States, which we all would feel. We are confident that you will agree with this outline, and that you will be able to write your Senators accordingly."

But the confidence, alas, was premature. Mr. Halperin

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pondered on these broad but somewhat nebulously defined blessings, and then came back for more. Some months later he confessed his perplexities to Mr. Phillips in the following terms: "Since receiving your letter of May, 1924, my rent has been increased twice—$5 each time—and I have noticed no reduction in the cost of living. I am somewhat confused as to how these matters work out, and I am wondering if you can give me further information." To which Mr. Phillips replied: "It is unfortunate but true that large bodies move slowly, and, therefore, unhappily, tax reduction is not felt so promptly as we should like. Unquestionably, however, without the tax reduction which we have so far enjoyed your living expenses would be still higher than they have been, and I cannot see but that you have tax reduction to thank for this. With further tax reduction there must eventually come still further reduction in the cost of living. . . . The particular question of the increase in your rent appears to be a specialized matter." And Mr. Phillips, having prophesied that further tax reduction on the rich will give us more of the benefits which he admits we haven't got and somewhat pained by his unhappy choice of rent as an example, picks a new favorite in a pair of shoes. "You can readily see that if it costs the manufacturer less to produce a pair of shoes by reason of reduction of his taxes he can sell them for less, and, in fact, he must do so in the face of competition."

Still this deplorable youth isn't satisfied. He figures out the most he could expect on a pair of shoes (even if the manufacturer could shift an income tax, which he cannot) would be about 6 cents. As shoes are not bought in 6-cent units except at fire sales the reduction in price will be precisely nothing. And, he inquires, as to cans of soup and cakes of soap: Would the possible fraction of a cent saving in cost ever affect the retail price, or would it simply be salted down by the manufacturer?

Soup and soap appear to have been too much for Mr. Phillips; it was time to appeal to higher sources of inspiration. He refers Mr. Halperin to Mr. Hoover and is again—"confident that you will receive a satisfactory response." Mr. Halperin duly submits the correspondence to Mr. Hoover and is unkind enough to say: "Mr. Phillips has given me no definite reply to my definite inquiries—he has generalized. But apparently he believes that you will give me something more definite." But Mr. Hoover, being a wise man, turned the correspondence over to Mr. Garrard B. Winston, Under Secretary of the Treasury. Meanwhile Halperin wrote again to Phillips expressing his regret that the soup and the shoes and soap could not be settled between them. To which Phillips fires his parting shot and passes out of the picture. "It is difficult, perhaps impossible, for the general understanding to put these matters in a nutshell, but your interest in the matter prompts me to suggest that you go to the New York Library and make an earnest and sincere study of the whole subject." Why he did not warn Mr. Halperin to keep away from books which discussed the incidence of taxation is puzzling—but perhaps this distinction was rather fine and beyond Mr. Phillips.

We are now in the very bowels of the Treasury Department. Mr. Winston takes the matter firmly in hand. He sends Mr. Halperin a speech delivered by himself before the National Association of Credit Men, and he writes a two-page letter. He admits that there isn't much to hope from cakes of soap and cans of soup, but "if taxes are not economically sound in their nature, then in the long run they have a very material effect upon the cost of production and prices," for they will "drive capital into unproductive investment" and "check the initiative essential to business enterprise." Thus he shifts the ground to our old friend the quaking capitalist, who "leaves the country" at the drop of a hat, leaving starvation and desolation behind him. It appears we must reduce his taxes, not in the hope that he will lower his prices but in order to keep him from scuttling to Canada or Bolivia or Kamchatka.

At which point Mr. Halperin is sunk beyond all resuscitation, and there the matter rests. One doubts if even Mr. Mellon could have done much for him. The most conservative of economists would have told him, and told Mr. Phillips and Mr. Winston as well, that while taxes on sales may be passed on it is very difficult to shift *income* taxes to the consumer. A monopoly might do it, but if there is any competition in the premises, the so-called "marginal" company, which makes no profit at all, sets the price, and thus the income-tax factor simply cannot operate at all. Furthermore the Treasury bill has to do with taxes on individuals and not on corporations. Ninety per cent of American business is carried on under the corporate form—including shoes and soap and soup. Such individual proprietorships or partnerships as remain to be taxed on surplus earnings are all in competitive lines, amount to little, and cannot shift the burden. Lastly the picture of the quaking capitalist is totally irrelevant in an era where we have more money to invest than we know what to do with. Never has there been such a plethora of capital.

Income taxes on rich individuals stick to them. Because they cannot be shifted the rich individuals have yelled—understandable and human enough, if you please. If Mr. Mellon wants to help his friends, that's understandable too. But why all this labored nonsense to Mr. Halperin? Isn't there some danger that it will destroy the respect of every intelligent man for the intellects of our bank vice-presidents and our Under Secretaries of the Treasury?

The Holy Bonds

By CARL RAKOSI

My bride presents me with a chart of gall
involving the designs we two create,
and seems to doubt me and to meditate
inviolacies her tears fail to recall.

She plans to promenade in grim attire
while I exploit the offices of hate,
and I shall keep still and regard the fire
and her chart, and add fuel in the grate.

My bride has issued from her private door
and bursts into a cold inverted laugh,
for she has found me humbled on the floor,
a sprig of ashes held between my teeth.
This she interprets as despair and chaff
conceding to her shabby bridal wreath.

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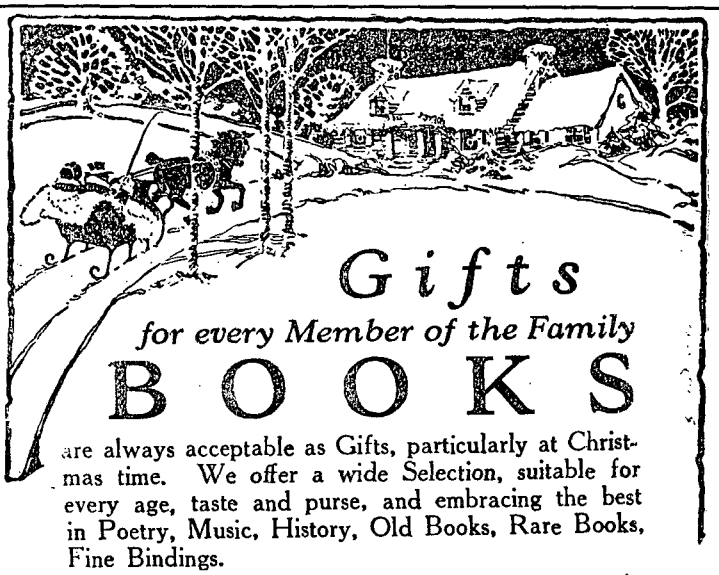

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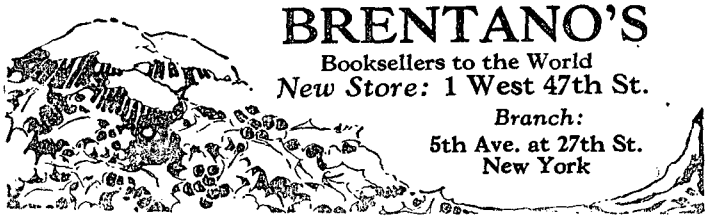

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Chicherin and the Russian Debt

By PAXTON HIBBEN

SAID President Coolidge in his last message to Congress:

> The principal sums without interest, still pending, are the debts of . . . Russia, $192,000,000, which those at present in control have undertaken openly to repudiate.

Said Senator Borah in a statement published on December 14 in the New York *World:*

> I am in a position to state on the most authentic authority that in so far as concerns matters of debt, the confiscation of American property, and propaganda, Russia is ready and prepared to deal with these matters in the most reasonable and satisfactory way.

Testimony to this effect is available in the files of the State Department, a source of information which even the President might tap if he happened to be interested in the truth about Russia. It is a matter of record that several efforts have been made by "those at present in control" of the Soviet Government to reach a fair settlement of the debt question. Meanwhile bankers and business men are urging closer relations with Russia. A private and secret conference recently held at the Bankers Club in New York brought together an impressive group of powerful American financiers and the American representatives of Russian Government trading corporations to discuss problems of trade with the USSR. Curiously enough, news of this gathering came to the attention of the American press only through accounts published in Moscow. More recently Senator Borah has reintroduced his measure for the recognition of Russia and states that he intends to press it at this session.

I talked the whole matter over with Chicherin recently. In view of what he said it is, I think, quite plain that neither the debts of prerevolutionary Russia nor the claims of American citizens for damage to property in Russia during the Russian revolutions stand in the way of the resumption of normal relations between the United States and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

> Various Americans who have visited Moscow have insisted that the question of the prerevolutionary Russian debt is what holds back the reestablishment of normal relations between the United States and the USSR [Chicherin said]. I cannot believe that, however. President Coolidge waived consideration of the old Czarist debt in his message of December 9, 1923, and, anyhow, the whole sum involved, even if the Czarist debt were included, is so small in comparison with the ten billion dollars due the United States from other European countries—many of which hold out no prospect of being able to pay—that I cannot believe this would stand in the way at least of conversations as to the terms upon which the payment of such a sum could be undertaken by the USSR. We have always been ready to enter into discussions looking to a satisfactory practical settlement of the whole debt issue. We are now. Indeed we are negotiating with the French for the practical settlement of a debt issue involving a far more considerable sum than is involved between the United States and the USSR, and these negotiations are proceeding satisfactorily. Naturally, we feel that if we can come to a practical understanding with the French, we can with the United States, also.
>
> Indeed, I cannot help feeling that it would be still simpler with the United States, both because the amount involved is not large and because we now have very active commercial relations actually going on between the two countries. In fact, our largest imports are now from the United States, and there are scores of commercial representatives of the USSR coming and going constantly between Moscow and the United States, doing business with your cotton growers, textile and agricultural machinery manufacturers, and so on, on a basis of firm credits backed by some of your most conservative bankers. Your business men are realists who know well that we do business on a sound basis. They can give your government all the assurance required that we are also realists who meet practical problems in a practical way.

I asked Chicherin if the amount involved were really so small when the claims of various American corporations for damages suffered in Russia were considered.

> Relatively, yes [Chicherin replied]. Of course claims of that sort have to be pretty carefully scrutinized. The French, for example, started talking about six billion dollars. But when these figures were examined closely we got a figure in the neighborhood of $350,000,000 as a starting-point—which is less astronomic.
>
> Moreover, in the matter of individual claims, Mr. Hughes said on July 19, 1923, that the United States recognizes the right of revolution and does not attempt to determine the internal concerns of other states. The right of a government to proceed to measures of confiscation, where the welfare of the people of a country is at stake, has been clearly established by the United States in the adoption of the XIII and XVIII amendments to your Constitution. So that the principle involved in our action at the time of our revolution is not in question.
>
> Nevertheless, as a matter of practical adjustment, we have already reached satisfactory settlements with the citizens of other countries who claimed losses due to the revolution, and I have not the slightest doubt we could reach similar settlements with Americans.
>
> After all, the real crux of the matter is in whether or not we are a going concern, conducting business in a responsible way. Three years and a half ago Mr. Hughes put it that "the inescapable and ultimate question would appear to be the restoration of productivity in Russia. . . ." Well, we have pretty well done that. Both agriculture and industry in the USSR are already 71 per cent of prewar. And this has been accomplished not by foreign loans or mortgaging the natural wealth of the country, but by the hard work and solidarity of the workers and peasants of the USSR—which is, after all, a more reassuring foundation for enduring prosperity than foreign loans.
>
> Of course this recovery could be effected more rapidly and with greater advantage not only to our people but to your manufacturers and exporters were we in a position to secure the normal credits of any ordinary business transactions. For our foreign policy has been built upon two things: We have to have peace in order to develop our own system of life and government here and we have to have commercial relations with those who produce what we require for our development. For the past eight years we have been building roads to these two goals. Twenty-one nations of the world have entered into this type of relationship with the USSR. And this is the most significant fac-

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tor in the maintenance of world peace today. Five years ago peace in Europe was a question. Today it is a fact. What has made the difference more than any one element has been the substitution of cooperation in developing the vast natural wealth of the USSR for the policy of isolating the USSR from the economic life of Europe.

You in America want peace. So do we. You want freedom of commercial intercourse on realistic bases. So do we. You want a *modus vivendi* in the Far East that will conduce to permanent peace and the stability and happiness of the Chinese people. So do we. We have so much in common that it would seem eminently desirable that our two countries work together to these ends. The French Government, in a similar situation, delegated M. de Monzie to make a study of the bases for possible negotiations before any official negotiations were entered into. If the President of the United States should delegate some man or group of men to make a like study, we would welcome it.

In the Driftway

WHEN the Drifter went to school, football was played by young men in blazers and shorts who kicked a theoretically round though imperfectly inflated ball from one to another along the ground, accompanied by a lot of shouting and a lot of fun. The game was played for the joy of it, and the few spectators who stood along the sidelines—in bustles or in standing collars which crossed over in front—did not matter very much. Winning, as ever in human history, was sweet, but even losing was a jolly good game. There were no hired coaches, there were no towering stadia, there were no Nijinski cheer leaders, there was no press box, there were no butter-and-egg men, overginned and over-raccoon coated, waving the flags of colleges they had never attended, there were no gate receipts, no scouts among the high schools, no odds upon the stock exchanges, no endowment funds embossed on pigskin, no electrically controlled score boards, no mass formation on the field, and no massed capital in the background.

It was an open game.

* * * * *

NOW the Drifter does not doubt that applying to football the soundly tested rules upon which the Steel Corporation was formed makes for bigger and better business. The railroads add to their passenger earnings, the manufacturers of bunting and rattan cannot but rejoice, the hot-dog industry is greatly stimulated, the curve of gasoline consumption rises sharply, innkeepers prepare to add their quota to investments in Florida real estate, and bootleggers make merry in Rolls Royces. Nor does the Drifter doubt that the Roman holiday gives pleasure to vastly more people than ever lined the playing fields of his youth. But of the game, and particularly the players of the game, he must confess to some perplexity. When Master George Owen of Harvard College says that all the fun has vanished, the Drifter feels a load upon his heart. While Master Harold Grange, late of the University of Illinois, with a half million in his pocket, remains somehow a lost and tragic figure. What can a young man do when he faces intrenched commercialism, the mob, and the newspapers who live by inflaming the mob? Where shall the joy of the game, aye, the very freedom of the soul itself, find surcease here? Down he must go, under the heels of the mob, under the muddy boots of the money changers, under the nameless obscenities of newspaper publicity. And down into the dust goes all that is clean and fine in sportsmanship. With the passage to official professionalism, the story becomes even sadder. Was Master Grange ever booed from the field while he played with his college mates? He was not. But in Boston and Pittsburgh, playing as a professional, he has been booed and jeered. Why? Because the trade goods he had to offer did not warrant the price paid, in the opinion of the consumer. As an incorporated business service furnishing raw material for moving-picture producers, cigarette manufacturers, garment makers, and radio distributors, at a scale of tariff almost fabulous; as the next friend of all the headline writers in the land, he must face the quite terrible responsibility of meeting the demands of the market.

* * * * *

FOR sport that is spontaneous and unfettered, the Drifter has only the most profound respect. For the massed phalanxes of big business he must, if he is to remain a citizen of the greatest republic ever heard of, maintain an attitude of respectful attention, if not of unqualified applause. But when the new wine of business enterprise is poured into the old bottles of sportsmanship the result, from the standpoint of one who knows his vintages, can only be disaster and the destruction of values.

THE DRIFTER

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Publishers Will Be Publishers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since *The Nation* is our only source of news at our dog and goat ranch up country, we know nothing that *The Nation* doesn't know, and get all excited over the things, conditions, hopes, and fears that excite *The Nation*. So on a recent trip to the cities I looked into the picture-paper menace as described in *The Nation's* article The Picture Papers Win. And for once I was disappointed in *The Nation*. The writer of the article had pointed out the picture papers as something new, something departing from the ideals of journalism, something vaguely horrendous and threatening. They were offering huge sums of money for new circulation; they were cutting the heart out of the news of the day and substituting pictures, he cried.

But this picture-paper idea is all old stuff, as anyone but a provincial, spat-wearing New Yorker ought to know. The rest of the country has had it for twenty-five years to my own knowledge, and nothing very disastrous has resulted from it. I refer now to the country weeklies and the small-town dailies, which are made up largely of boiler-plate pictures of everything under the sun and which, periodically, to garner a few hundreds of circulation, offer prizes—premiums, as they are called. To give away $25,000 a day in a circulation gamble calls for no more insanity, sporting blood, or wealth in your town than the careless bestowal of a set of dishes by the circulation manager of the newspaper in a certain village that I could name.

Yes, the picture papers disappoint me. They are just about like the regular issue of our town's *Bee* and *Visitor* except that in New York the girls seem to wear their dresses a little shorter. Our little paper has all the puzzles, jokes, funny pictures; and the photographs of society people, murderers, and politicians—and not much of anything else.

The little paper I speak of has given away in varying quantities in the last few years, its circulation manager tells

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me, the following articles: dishes, jack-knives, berry spoons, pickle forks, lamps, clocks, books, kitchenware, fountain pens, horsewhips, Ford tires, gold-hilted toothpicks, hatchets, axes, bowie-knives, and vanity cases. And these gifts weren't striven for, as prizes, but given outright, given open-handedly, gladly.

May I mention, without offense, that *The Nation* lately seems to carry more illustrative matter than ever; to print more emphatic headlines on its front cover; to offer more tempting subscription bargains? Publishers will be publishers.

Brookline, Massachusetts, November 12 MARK TRIVET

Speed-Murder

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the causes of the French Revolution, one of the things which exasperated the Parisians to the point of frenzy, was the fact that "the fierce aristocrats" recklessly drove over "the people" in the streets of Paris with their carriages. Charles Dickens describes such an outrage in "A Tale of Two Cities," from which I quote, here, in an abbreviated form:

> With a wild rattle and clatter, and an inhuman abandonment of consideration not easy to be understood these days, the carriage dashed through the streets and swept round corners. At last, swooping at a street corner by a fountain, one of the wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices and the horses reared and plunged.
>
> But for the latter inconvenience, the carriage probably would not have stopped; carriages were often known to drive on and leave their wounded behind.
>
> "What has gone wrong?" said Monsieur, calmly looking out.
>
> A tall man in a nightcap had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and laid it on the basement of the fountain, and was down in the mud and wet, howling over it, like a wild animal.
>
> "Pardon, Monsieur the Marquis!" said a ragged and submissive man, "it is a child."
>
> "Why does he make that abominable noise? Is it his child?"
>
> "Excuse me, Monsieur the Marquis—it is a pity—yes."
>
> "It is extraordinary to me," said Monsieur, "that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is forever in the way."

Charles Dickens here appeals to our sympathy and indignation against the reckless killing of *one child*. In the City of New York, today, people are being killed by automobiles in exactly the same manner, with just such mad speed and reckless swooping round corners, at the rate of very nearly a thousand a year, including *three hundred children;* and some of our autoists, like Dickens's marquis, want to know why they don't get out of the way?

Chicago, October 31 BERTRAND SHADWELL

The Coal Strike from Inside

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am renewing my subscription to your paper, which I have subscribed for for these many years. I read it regularly and with the greatest respect for your editorial opinions. Sometimes I think you are not familiar with sufficient facts on which to base your opinions, the present anthracite situation being a fair sample of what I have in mind.

The consumers of anthracite coal demand certain sizes of coal known to the trade as "nut," "egg," "stove," etc. During the process of preparation of these sizes a large part of the coal is reduced to a fine condition known as "buckwheat" and "bug dust." This coal is the same chemically as the larger sizes, but the consumer refuses to buy it. Eventually large quantities of this fine coal accumulate and glut the storage capacity of the industry. There is a large money investment as well. As long as the industry keeps in motion the stock of fine coal accumulates until all storage capacity is full. A suspension of operations becomes desirable and even necessary.

The management of this industry consists of men like ourselves. They are placed by boards of directors, who in turn represent stockholders, who want dividends. If too much money is tied up in fine coal and additional storage capacity it is hard on dividends. Our business system requires dividends and, moreover, it now demands the elimination of waste as far as possible. This fine coal should not be wasted, but the consumer refuses to use it. The industry eventually comes to a place when a suspension is necessary. As long as the consumer can get the larger sizes of coal he will not use the fine coal.

Shall it be a shut-down, with the miners locked out, or a strike? A shut-down with a lockout would make the sale of the fine coal a difficult matter. A strike makes the sale easy and more profitable. Which would you or your readers prefer in the business you are engaged in? Your own business. Not the other fellow's.

The anthracite strike will be adjusted when the fine coal is disposed of. New York and New England are the large users of anthracite. It seems to be up to them.

Pittsburgh, December 1 J. R. ROBINSON

"Provably," Not "Probably"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you please correct a misprinted word in the first paragraph of my letter in *The Nation* of December 9 concerning William Montgomery Brown? "Provably" should appear in the place of "probably." I would not ask for the correction of this word except for the fact that much of the force of my argument rests upon it. Today, as in the fourth century, the difference of a small letter of the alphabet may make a vast difference in the expression of human intention.

Newark, N. J., December 5 ROWLAND F. NYE

Lives of Great Men

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Observe and rejoice! At last even this Age of Big Business has found a practical use for the intelligentsia. It seems, according to a striking advertisement put out through the papers by a Florida real-estate company, that the appointment of Mr. Hamilton Holt to the presidency of Rollins College, Winter Park, is a cogent reason for immediately investing heavily in the Florida land said company has to sell, the presence of a noted man of brains being likely to boost values at once. It is an impressive thought!

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We should make our own lives great,
> And departing leave behind us
> Fortunes made in real estate . . . (by others).

New Canaan, Conn., October 23 GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

"More Power to His Jaw"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For Colonel Mitchell let all good citizens wish more power to his jaw. He is doing excellent work in undermining discipline in the army and navy. As long as we must have these useless and pernicious institutions anything that weakens their morale should be welcomed. In that way their power to do harm will be lessened. Without desiring to accomplish such a result

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or dreaming of its possibility Colonel Mitchell is doing it just the same. May he never grow weary of well-doing.

It is not to be desired that Mitchell's agitation result in putting in control of the army and navy anyone more efficient than the present heads of these departments or the present Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy. Inefficiently conducted military institutions are less of a danger than efficiently conducted ones. Though the only good military force is a disbanded one, the next best is an inefficiently managed one with no respect for its superior officers. Between the present secretaries of the army and navy and Colonel Mitchell, that is the kind of army and navy we are on the way to getting. For once the right men are in the right places. May all be kept there until their places can be abolished.

Baltimore, November 18 SAMUEL DANZIGER

Arkansawyers, Attention!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Several years ago an older brother introduced me to *The Nation*. My reading was always done in deep seclusion, and followed, invariably, by reverential prayer. I had as soon a prohibition officer had caught me red-handed with a jar of home brew as for a missionary Baptist to have found me reading *The Nation*. Later the Infernal Thing began to wring $5 from my pocket annually. And now I infer from an advertisement on the back of *The Nation* for September 30 that forty-four others in Arkansas have succumbed to the same malady.

I want to get in touch with the other victims. Either an infirmary should be endowed, with Dr. Mencken as its dean, or else the infidels should assemble under cover of night in some secluded mountain pass and organize a Nation Club for their own fiendish delight and for the dissemination of infidelity among the elect.

If you can aid me through the columns of your paper or by furnishing me with names and addresses, or both, I shall be very grateful to you.

Greenbrier, Arkansas, October 13 BRYAN FULKS

Contributors to This Issue

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, 2nd, practices law in Philadelphia.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL is a Chicago lawyer who attended the Sweet trial in Detroit.

MANLEY O. HUDSON has been attached to the United States Department of State, the League of Nations, and Harvard University.

DOUGLAS MACKAY is a Canadian newspaper correspondent.

STUART CHASE, author of "The Tragedy of Waste," is acting as special editorial writer on *The Nation*.

CARL RAKOSI is one of the editors of the *Issue*, a new student magazine at the University of Wisconsin.

PAXTON HIBBEN has been active in various organizations for Russian relief, and has just returned from Russia.

CHARLES NORMAN, author of a volume of verse, "Tragic Beaches," has recently gone abroad to live.

THOMAS REED POWELL is professor of constitutional law at Harvard Law School.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD is editor for the Massachusetts Historical Society.

CARL VAN DOREN, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, has just published a volume of fiction, "Other Provinces."

HENRIETTA STRAUS, a frequent contributor to *The Nation* on musical subjects, has spent the last two years abroad writing a book.

LEONARD STEIN is political secretary of the international Zionist organization in London.

Announcement

Chairmen of Entertainment Committees:

BEFORE MAKING FINAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOUR SOCIAL AFFAIR, DINNER, DANCE, SMOKER, OR SUPPER DANCE, SEE OUR BANQUET AND BALL ROOMS. CHARGES NOT HIGHER THAN ELSEWHERE.

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Books, Music, Plays

Island House

By CHARLES NORMAN

The first to come when they had gone from there
Was one whom wind and tide had made afraid.
And there was an excitement in his hair
That made him wish the absent folk had stayed
When he came to the house and found it cold
And tenantless. He entered in as one
Bewitched; for while he wanted to be bold,
The rain poured down, and so he did not run.

And what it was he saw he never told;
But afterwards, some came and found him dead.
They saw chairs decked for guests that had been old
When most of them were children; and a bird
Screamed from a nest upon a dusty bed,
And made them seek each other when they heard.

First Glance

THE movement to revive Stephen Crane—if revival is the word for an author who has been dead only twenty-five years and whose best-known book has never suffered neglect—reaches its climax in the collected edition of his works which Wilson Follett is directing and which Mr. Knopf is publishing (12 volumes, to be sold in sets only at $90). The first volume of "The Work of Stephen Crane," containing "The Red Badge of Courage" and a very short story called "The Veteran," has at last been issued; and it is plain that physically the twelve volumes are to make a monument which no edition of an American author has matched for loveliness. The gray and black and gold of the covers and backs, the lavender of the end-papers and the title-pages, and the exceeding clearness of the text within will combine to produce a collectors' delight. I speak of collectors, for the price of the work, and indeed its very loveliness, may operate to confine its circulation among persons who will look at it rather than read it; and I hope that Mr. Knopf will be encouraged at some future date to issue a cheaper set for the mere reading public.

Joseph Hergesheimer introduces the present volume, according to a plan whereby the various titles of Crane are to be introduced by eminent authors in related fields of the imagination. The poems, for instance, will be issued with a commentary by Amy Lowell; and elsewhere there will be essays by Mr. Mencken, Mr. Anderson, and Miss Cather. Mr. Hergesheimer seems to have been a great deal more interested in setting all of his highly mannered adverbs between highly mannered commas than in saying all that could be said about "The Red Badge of Courage" (he nowhere mentions "The Veteran"). All that could be said about Crane's masterpiece would be, of course, a volume—providing some one existed who could say it. I admit that Crane is a most difficult author to write about critically, and I remember how in the introduction to Thomas Beer's biography of Crane two years ago Joseph Conrad said nothing in thirty-three pages. The precise excellence of "The Red Badge of Courage," however, deserves analysis. It has never got it, and Mr. Hergesheimer does not give it—though he pays tribute in passing to the humor, the sense of proportion, the singleness of purpose, the skill in reproducing speech, and in general the poetry of this amazing book in which a young writer so suddenly and so brilliantly displayed in their purest forms the powers which were to distinguish all of his output.

The analysis I speak of would begin, I suspect, with a more particular analysis of the one passion which Crane from his first story to his last was concerned with dissecting. Mr. Beer and others have pointed out that this was fear; and obviously "The Red Badge of Courage" is among other things a study of fear. Just how fear, which may be a destructive emotion, may also be the inspiration of fruitful art—as it frequently is—calls for an explanation. The perfect critic of "The Red Badge of Courage," though he may fail to give a final answer to this psychological question, will at any rate describe the minuter stages by which in Crane's case panic became poetry. And he will find valuable material for a foot-note in "The Veteran," which tells in seven pages how old Fleming, who ran from his first battle, did not run away from a burning barn. Then there is the language of Crane. But that, too, must be left to the perfect critic.

MARK VAN DOREN

Why Curb the Courts?

Congress, the Constitution, and the Supreme Court. By Charles Warren. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

THOSE who are persuaded that it is an excellent thing in government to have what Professor Burgess calls "an aristocracy of the robe" will welcome Mr. Warren's reasons why we should not tamper with the existing power of the Supreme Court over legislation. Mr. Warren may hurt them a little by occasional concessions that from time to time the Supreme Court has done things which it ought not to have done, but the hurt will be solaced by the thought that it is better to suffer from a few judicial blunders than to be exposed to the hypothetical horrors which an unrestrained legislature might inflict upon helpless constituents. We might descend to the sad state of the poor Britishers if we allowed Congress to repass laws which the Supreme Court declares unconstitutional. We might even have a minimum-wage law for women in the District of Columbia. We might lose our constitutional right to a speedy and public trial and be subjected to a slow private one. We might be permitted to manufacture intoxicating liquors. We might suffer an abridgment of freedom of speech or of the press. From such horrors we are saved because we have a court to save us. Now and then this saving grace is extended by only five of the nine judges. We should be content with this and not ask for six or seven. It would be absurd if a minority of the judges could sanction legislative monstrosities. Senator Borah and the late Senator La Follette are full of unwisdom for suggesting the contrary.

Such is my warped version of Mr. Warren's theme. His book is better than this version would make it appear, but he makes me peevish by his surface and sub-surface sneering at "politicians, labor leaders, or social reformers, of whatever degree of eminence," and by his profession that he is so full of fact and they so full of folly. So my peevishness makes me emulate his own bad intellectual manners. By way of atonement I advise all interested in the subject to read the book. It is the best book I know on this side of the case. It shows that the Supreme Court has been wise more often than it has been foolish. It shows that Congress may be foolish as well as wise. It shows that judicial follies are now and then undone by judicial recantation or by constitutional amendment. It

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hows that Labor with a capital L can gain as well as lose by court decree. It gives a lot of useful and interesting information. It has a fine format. It is a high-grade propaganda tract.

The major weakness in the performance is its failure to portray in any detail the actual enterprise of the Supreme Court in passing upon legislation. Lawyers will know what Mr. Warren means when he says that "the court does not veto' or 'annul' an act of Congress," but working women who lose the benefit of a minimum-wage law will wonder. Even lawyers might wish for more analysis of the complaint that judges in passing upon police-power legislation "invoke their own social and economic views as against the social and economic views of the majority of Congress." Mr. Warren contents himself with the observation that "incidentally it may be stated that it is not a fact that the justices do, consciously, act in this manner." The only support for this is a declaration by Mr. Justice Brandeis that it is a firmly established principle that the court may not inquire into the motives of Congress or into the wisdom of legislation. This is an oft-repeated judicial declaration, but no candid person can say that the court lives up to it or could live up to it and still apply to legislation the canon that it lacks due process if it is not reasonable but arbitrary. When the declaration appears so frequently in dissenting opinions as a criticism of the action of the majority, it is clear enough that the dissenters are conscious that their colleagues act on the basis of personal views of social and economic policy. If the others are really unconscious of what they are doing, they are greater simpletons than is suspected even by the most eminent of Mr. Warren's politicians, labor leaders, and social reformers. Mr. Warren's own careful introduction of the qualifying word "consciously" suggests a desire to dodge the troublesome charge as he hurries on to cite something in the *New Republic* in support of his indictment that "here again, however, people are misled by half-truths, suppressions of fact, and misstatements."

Similar failings on Mr. Warren's part are doubtless due somewhat to the fact that some of his chapters are the fruit of addresses made during the campaign of 1924. Perhaps if he were more dominantly the scholar in the library and the thinker on the throne of thought he might have gone beyond his mathematics and his mechanics and have undertaken a qualitative appraisal, might have considered whether the conceded judicial blunders do not raise the question whether we should not apply some other remedies even if we reject the proposals he condemns. The veto or annulment (if I may say so) of a minimum-wage law is not compensated for by judicial approval of a dozen other laws. Mr. Warren deals with laws annulled and laws sustained as a book-keeper deals with dollars paid and dollars received. While he here uses to advantage the same burrowing powers which made his "Supreme Court in United States History" such a welcome contribution, his failure to look at the whole of his problem, his shortcomings in analysis, and his weakness in evaluation must detract from the scholarly reputation which his earlier work had won for him.

THOMAS REED POWELL

England and Our Civil War

Great Britain and the American Civil War. By Ephraim Douglass Adams. Longmans, Green and Company. Two volumes. $10.

PROFESSOR ADAMS'S two volumes are avowedly based upon the material gathered from English sources by the late Charles Francis Adams for a life of his father, the United States Minister at the Court of St. James's during the War of Secession. This material, of the highest value historically, Mr. Adams obtained by special favor of the English authorities and possessors, who recognized his peculiar claims. Public and private collections were opened to him at his request and rich returns obtained at no small cost. Professor Adams does not state in his preface how he secured a right to use this material for his own purpose, a purpose in no way connected with the life of Charles Francis Adams, and it is known that he did not first ask and obtain permission of the owners of this material—the Adams family. Under the circumstances some explanation on his part is needed in order to establish his position.

Without that material these volumes could never have been written. The private letters of Palmerston, Russell, Lyons, Gladstone, and Cowley form a body of testimony the meaning of which could not have been conjectured from the public acts and utterances of the writers, for they are instinct with a frankness that often amounts to indiscretion. They alter the usually accepted account of the diplomacy of the war period and undoubtedly change the general conception of British policy in that day. Professor Adams has on the whole framed a vindication of the policy of the Palmerston ministry toward the States—Northern and Southern. In fact, he carries it too far, and in seeking to assert the intention of being neutral he passes over or explains away acts plainly unneutral and almost hostile. The exchange of comment among the ministers makes strange reading, smart as it often is; for it develops the personal limitations and the real wishes of the writers, wishes that only the strong influence of Palmerston or the pressure of events made harmless. If the forms of neutrality were observed there existed an opposition to the policy of the North in its contest with secession that only required a series of Southern victories to make it potent. Never before have the dangers threatening the North from foreign interference been so clearly developed as in this new material. Opportunism continually menaced neutrality.

Collaborating as he did for a time with Mr. Adams in the "Life" of Charles F. Adams, Professor Adams had the advantage of knowing his point of view and of becoming acquainted with his form of statement. Mr. Adams had fully treated the proclamation of neutrality, the negotiations on the Declaration of Paris on privateering, the approach by the British Cabinet to intervention or recognition, and the seizure of the rams. In each case an earlier opinion was modified, even reversed, by a study of the new material, for Mr. Adams was intellectually one of the most honest of men.

When Professor Adams goes outside of those subjects and of the Adams material and rests upon his own resources the relation suffers. Not only has this resulted in a badly proportioned story—three-fourths of the space bring it to the end of 1863—but it has given rise to interpretations not warranted by the texts. The author, unaware that the diplomatic papers of the Confederacy have been printed by the Navy Department, rests on Richardson; he does not know of West's study of French opinion during the war; and he has not correctly estimated the effect on European politics of Napoleon's Mexican adventure. His explanation of the long-delayed seizure of the Laird rams as due to a threat of privateering on the part of the North is not acceptable save as an excuse—not a cause—for the seizure itself; the political change that came over England during the decade was influenced by the War of Secession and the success of the North, but hardly so greatly as Professor Adams would have us believe.

Yet the story told in these volumes could not fail to be interesting because of the richness of the material the writer has appropriated for it, and it is only to be regretted that Professor Adams did not await the publication of the life of the great minister who represented the United States in London during the war. Then he could have used the documents without question of right and with a broader knowledge of what the interests of the North required from Europe. He would also have had at hand a standard for the descriptions

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of character in which his volumes are quite lacking—and all the leading actors had picturesque qualities. The index is eccentric in form and does not even give the full names of such prominent men as Benjamin, Bunch, Bruce, Blair, Belligny, or Booth—to take a single letter of the alphabet; nor can these be learned from the text or notes. The history of English opinion on the American war is still to be written; Professor Adams has made a contribution by serving up records which hitherto were unattainable.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD

Villain Gold

Sudden Wealth. By Henry James Forman. Boni and Liveright. $2.

SOMEWHERE in the later writings of John Thane the sufficiently curious reader will find this passage: "The love of money needs a Freud to analyze it. If the prime impulses of mankind can be reduced to the two hungers for eating and for begetting, and if the enormous elaborations of love can be traced to a simple hunger, then possibly the enormous elaborations of the will to get and save and spend can be traced to a simple hunger, working regularly in a few discernible ways. Surely sophisticated luxury is no more remote from the impulse to eat than is sophisticated love from the impulse to beget. Yet greed and luxury have had no adequate scientists to explain their behavior. They have been left, instead, in the partisan hands of the moralists."

In the light of this passage Henry James Forman's "Sudden Wealth" takes on a color which few of the admirers of the book have thrown upon it. George and Laura Pollock are violently overwhelmed by a rush of unearned money. George loses his radicalism and Laura her figure. They upholster their own lives with superfluities and meddle in the lives of others, obedient to that instinct to exercise power which the possession of wealth makes almost irresistible. Numerous complications follow. Not only do the Pollocks pay with satiety and stupidity but their beneficiaries, Stephen Shore and Flavia Parsons, are first flung into comfort and then jerked back out of it, with results which run through the whole story and in time dim the careers of the benefactors. The plot mounts in confusion, tangles everybody in the toils of money, and ends ironically when Stephen Shore, no less suddenly than George Pollock, inherits the gold which has been the villain of the plot.

This ironical conclusion lifts the story from the moralistic plane on which it occasionally moves. Pure moralism would have made Stephen refuse to burn his fingers as he has seen his uncle's burned. Mr. Forman, however, allows the second victim to be engulfed again—"another episode in the vast and stormy tragi-comedy of destiny." "Sudden Wealth" thus becomes less an argument and more a document. It might, indeed, have been more a document still if the author had trimmed it to sparer dimensions and had conducted his narrative along a single line of development from one inheritance to the other. Had he done so, his irony might have rung like steel. As it is, the tone of the book is considerably muted by subordinate details. But the document now presented is voluminous if not explicit, and it is full of admirable strokes of nature.

What Mr. Forman avoids best is the merely romantic conception of wealth. His characters, with their pockets unexpectedly filled, do not all at once become gifted with the delicate arts of emptying pockets without also emptying themselves. He has studied each one of them with a close imaginative attention to what that one would be likely to do in such a gust of fortune. Consequently he has brought together a body of valuable cases for the use of any behaviorist who wishes to be the Freud of greed and luxury. Moreover, though Mr. Forman writes without remarkable passion or flexibility, he has written an intelligent, convincing novel.

CARL VAN DOREN

Books in Brief

Suspense. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

Had Conrad lived to finish his last tale he would not have made it one of his major novels. The uncompleted "Suspense" has kinship with stories like "The Rover" wherein the idea of Napoleon rather than Napoleon dominates the scene. It has all the familiar Conrad technique to which by this time the public has grown fashionably accustomed. It has the heroine mysterious and enchanted like a dream and the young man caught into the skein unwound by fate and nature and the sea and the conspirators darkly represented. It has elaboration and an extraordinary vividness of natural setting and an equally extraordinary dulness of development. As in the other Conrad novels, the mighty initial groundswell does not carry one to the revelation of divine godhead. The preparations are always impressive and fateful; but somehow the final lightning flash does not tear the clouds from the face of the eternal.

The Annam Jewel. By Patricia Wentworth. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.

The Thousand and Second Night. By Frank Heller. T. Y. Crowell and Company. $2.

The Death of a Millionaire. By G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. The Macmillan Company. $2.

More and more writers are trying to make the detective story into a tedious combination of character study and love interest. One turns with relief from such a story as "The Annam Jewel" to the Fantomas series where the heroine has as much certainty of being bumped off as the millionaire. Miss Wentworth has written two good detective stories, but apparently someone has delighted in her love interest, and so in "The Annam Jewel" she has decided to be sentimental. In "The Thousand and Second Night" you meet again the irresistible Mr. Collin, who is a much more fascinating rogue than Raffles or Lupin and who has a fund of ironic wit on things in general. This time he has gone to Africa and got into a series of Arab escapades. In "The Death of a Millionaire" Mr. and Mrs. Cole stir you up about a murdered millionaire and a nice young heir and the pertinacity of Scotland Yard men.

Doodab. By Harold Loeb. Boni and Liveright. $2.

"Doodab" is a perplexing exploitation of methods which Mr. Loeb has not succeeded in focusing into a vision of his own. Except for a few tricks, such as impressionistic psychology that fails of being "interior monologue" because it is not interior to the characters but trumped up by the author, and a reach for transferred epithet drawing so indiscriminately upon its use by Joyce or Waldo Frank or Cummings that it never stands for the thing seen and thus becomes a heavily tortuous vulgarity—except for these, "Doodab" is the ordinary novel of trade. Misunderstood hero on the wheel of American business like another Ixion; his beautiful daughter loved by his 100 per cent American employer who discharges him and precipitates the tragedy; background of flappers repudiating Queen Victoria.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1925 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Tuesday, December 1, and not later than Thurs-

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day, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 10, 1926.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Music

New and Old

TIME reveals many wonders, but none more astonishing than its continuous redefinition of the old and the new. Two seasons ago, for instance, one went to a concert of modern music much as if one were going to modern Russia—the truth was to be learned and proclaimed at all costs. If one were sympathetically inclined, all that was worthless and unpleasant was to be silently endured for the sake of the cause. If one were not, then the cause was to be judged by whatever was worthless and unpleasant. The spirit of the conscious crusader was rampant on both sides, and between the two the orchestral conductor trod warily, with one eye on the "novelty" he was bound to present and with the other on the old ladies and gentlemen—time-honored subscribers—who were equally bound to walk out in the midst of a performance and write indignant letters afterward to the management and the press.

Today, however, a first concert by the League of Composers brings out a large quota of the one-time opposition, and an early concert by the Philharmonic is devoted largely to the works of a modern Italian composer, Alfredo Casella, played before a huge and hugely interested audience. The irreconcilables are no longer irreconcilable! And the only conclusion one can draw is that modern music is no longer new. If one needed further proof, there is the fact that the Metropolitan Opera Company has taken Debussy, Ravel, and even Stravinsky into its repertory.

The League presented on its first program Marion Bauer's second sonata for violin and piano; two Hungarian and two Czech folk-songs, set respectively by Bela Bartok and Vaclav Stepan; a quartet for strings by Mario Labroco; a new piano sonata by Stravinsky; and Louis Grünberg's "Jazzberries"—a great improvement over the programs of former years, when works were given indiscriminately because they were "modern." All of the composers just cited, however, had won distinction by their work, though not all of the works mentioned would have won distinction for their composers. The "Jazzberries," for instance, with its fox trot, blues, waltz, and syncopep, showed neither the good, red flesh of jazz nor yet the rich, vitalizing juice of the berry, but a watery, Continental concoction of the sort that not infrequently, today, takes the name of jazz in vain. The settings of the folk-songs followed the method now fashionable of disguising a simple and naive subject with a sophisticated treatment. The sonata by Marion Bauer, on the other hand, showed sincerity and development in this composer, and the quartet by Labroco was direct and not without poetic charm, though at times, particularly in the first movement, it was frankly music of the conventional Italian opera. The piano sonata by Stravinsky proved the greatest disappointment. With the Labroco quartet it had been given at the international festival in Venice in September—an honor quite out of proportion to its merits; for in itself it was a spurious imitation of Bach and Beethoven rather than of Stravinsky himself. And with this abject return by the composer of the "Sacre" to the safe folds of the past one might well believe that many of the trails being blazed at this moment are but blind ones, cerebrally hewed, which must eventually lead back, not necessarily to the well-worn paths of the classics but to the broad, open roads of emotional experience. Mr. Casella's contributions to the Philharmonic program only served to strengthen this conviction. For here the cerebral refinements of his "Partita" are thrown into pallid relief by the hot, primitive little folk-tunes incorporated in his suite from "La Giara" and in his orchestral rhapsody "Italia"; as a result this very conscious if skilful effort to return to the "purer classic form" resolves into mere historical reiterations.

That the freshness of a composition is not determined by its date in history was, indeed, demonstrated beyond question by the English Singers at their recent recital of old madrigals and motets. Here was music older than Shakespeare, done much as it was done in his day by a group of six singers seated informally around a table with their part books in their hands; and yet an audience inured to the subtilizings of Schönberg sat and marveled at its intricacies and newness. Tudor England was there in all its lyric and dramatic accents; but because these accents were informed by emotions eternally recurrent they also pointed the life of today, and in doing this they pointed the gaps left by our musical experimentalists. The English Singers reached a high peak of beauty, both in the material they presented and in the manner of its presentation. But the greatest service they rendered, perhaps, was to remind us that the novelty of its delight is already four hundred years old.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Mr. Coward Again

THOUGH "Easy Virtue" (Empire Theater) is more hackneyed in theme than "The Vortex" it is, on the whole, the best of the three plays by Noel Coward recently produced here, and it illustrates admirably that vivacity of mind which is the chief cause of his success. For it has taken the old, old story of the demi-mondaine who fails in a perfectly sincere effort to adapt herself to the ways of the conventional family into which she has married, and though he has neither given this story any new twist nor attempted to make any new comment upon the two traditions of life involved the mere liveliness of his mind has sufficed to sustain an interest straight through to the foregone conclusion.

It would not, to be sure, be difficult to point out the various negative defects of the play. The characterization is extremely superficial, and the detachment with which the situations are regarded is rather the detachment of a facile indifference than that of an artistic skepticism. But over all of these defects Mr. Coward triumphs, at least to the extent of never failing to be momentarily entertaining, and the secret of his success is, first of all, the secret of bustle and movement. In this as in his other plays he has provided himself with an abundance of supernumerary characters and he keeps them all on the go. Someone is always coming in or going out; the ball

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of conversation is kept continually rolling; and at every moment there is some little conflict, relevant or irrelevant, between some of the personages involved. Nothing, moreover, ever lasts very long. No two characters are together for more than a few minutes at a time and they never make speeches. En route from one door to another—they are always going somewhere—they meet for an instant to exchange brief snippets of conversation and then depart to make way for someone else. If a dead moment seems to impend a temporary diversion is created to fill it up, and thus the interest is perpetually titillated if it is never very profoundly engaged. And of course there is always an appropriate "curtain." At the end of the second act the heroine smashes a statue as so many other heroines have done, and at the end of the third act she stands desolate as so many heroines have stood while the sounds of revelry come in through a half-open door. But neither of these conventional stage pictures is quite so revealing of the author's method as is the first curtain of all. The climax of the act has already passed and there is nothing to provide any sort of situation, but the author suddenly sends the whole company sweeping across the stage to the dining-room and thus provides the temporary and sometimes meaningless bustle which he always keeps up.

Though Mr. Coward certainly has a gift for the depiction of manners he has, I suspect, no artistic conscience at all. In its place, however, is an accurate sense of what tricks of the stage are definitely outmoded and what will still work upon even a fairly sophisticated audience. He is thus the legitimate descendant of those makers of well-made plays who were so much admired in the nineteenth century, for though they would shudder at the looseness and the casualness of his structure his purpose is essentially the same—to provide amusement for those somewhat above the reach of the more obvious and less adroit varieties of hokum. He knows, for example, that a contemporary audience is as bored by the laborious neatness of "Camille" as it is unresponsive to its solemn sentimentality, and he knows equally well that it has passed beyond the stage where the "problem" of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" seems profound. But the type situation represented by these plays still has its theatrical value. Give it a contemporary setting, invest it with the casualness of manners and morals appropriate to the times, and you have an undoubted success even if you call it by a title as little indicative of the real spirit of the piece as "Easy Virtue." An excellent company in which Jane Cowl, Marda Vanne, and Joan Clement Scott particularly distinguish themselves will contribute much to the popularity to which the play is undoubtedly destined.

"The Devil to Pay," a genre comedy by the Dutch dramatist Herman Heijermans now being presented by the Stagers at their Fifty-second Street Theater, is one of those transition plays which seem so new-fashioned when they are written and so old-fashioned a very short time afterward. Its method and atmosphere are strangely Victorian until, just before the end, events take a new turn and the heroine, with an elaborate to-do and a full consciousness of acting madly up to the concepts of a new morality, refuses to marry the villain who has seduced her but is now willing to "do the right thing." Evidently Heijermans first introduced into Holland the idea that it is, in Shaw's words, poor policy to "marry Violet to a scoundrel by way of reforming her character"; and the fact explains the fame of the play in the author's native land. It does not, however, explain why the Stagers should choose it for production here, even though it does give Margaret Wycherly the opportunity to do an excellent piece of acting in a rather outmoded character part.

Owen Davis's not particularly robust farce "Beware of Widows" (Maxine Elliott) is kept alive by the skill of Madge Kennedy. "Oh, Oh, Nurse" (Cosmopolitan Theater) is a musical comedy so near the average of its class as to defy any attempt at commentary.

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A Zionist View of Palestine

By LEONARD STEIN

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL'S five years' pro-consulate in Jerusalem has come to an end, and with it a well-marked stage in the post-war history of Palestine. Sir Herbert's appointment in July, 1920, was given a special significance by the events which led up to it. When the war came to an end the Allies, headed by Great Britain, were on record in favor of the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jews. It had also been agreed in principle that Palestine should be administered, though not annexed, by Great Britain. Translated into post-war terms this meant that it was to be placed under a British mandate. In Paris, however, the Allies, occupied with problems nearer home, had little time to spare for Palestine, which was left to drift aimlessly on as Turkish territory under British occupation. It was not until the San Remo Conference of April, 1920, that the situation began to be regularized. At San Remo the mandate for Palestine was formally assigned to Great Britain, who undertook to carry the Balfour Declaration into effect. Three years of wearisome negotiation were still to elapse before the mandate became technically operative. But the interregnum was for practical purposes at an end. Both Great Britain and Palestine now knew precisely where they stood. It was, therefore, at this stage that Mr. Lloyd George's Government decided to mark the opening of a new era by bringing the military regime to a close and substituting a permanent administration under a civilian high commissioner. What was more, the Government boldly selected as the first high commissioner for Palestine a distinguished Jew, a Jew whose political preoccupations—he had held some of the highest offices in the state—had not prevented him from actively identifying himself with the Zionist cause.

The appointment was acclaimed throughout the Jewish world as an earnest of British good-will. Such indeed it was. But those who knew Sir Herbert Samuel best were well aware that whatever else he might do he would certainly not weigh the scales in favor of his coreligionists. On this point the very fact that he was a Jew made him almost hypersensitive; indeed, it was not long before the Jews, or some of them, were heard to complain that he was leaning backwards. Be that as it may, he made it from first to last a point of honor to show a scrupulous regard not only for Arab rights but for Arab susceptibilities. Little by little the Arabs realized that he meant to be their friend.

The best measure of his success is the contrast between the Palestine of 1920 and the Palestine of 1925. When he took office in July, 1920, Palestine was suffering not only from economic depression but from serious political unrest. Ever since the armistice its fate had been in suspense, and propagandists of every description had been diligently fishing in troubled waters. A menacing anti-Zionist agitation had been worked up, and at Easter, 1920, immediately before the San Remo Conference, there had been rioting in the streets of Jerusalem. The situation was not improved by the course of events in other parts of the East. The emergence of an Arab kingdom in Iraq, the growing pressure of the nationalist agitation in Egypt, the successful defiance of Europe by Mustapha Kemal, the closing of the ranks throughout the Moslem world—all this was not without disturbing reactions in Palestine. Faced with an organized campaign against the mandate and its implications, the High Commissioner showed a patient forbearance which was at first ill-rewarded. In May, 1921, the Arabs of the Jaffa district rose almost *en masse* against their Jewish neighbors. It was six days before the rioting was suppressed with a loss of ninety-five Jewish and Arab lives. From this point the situation so far improved that there has since been no serious disturbance of the peace. The Arab leaders, however, rejected every attempt to conciliate them. They were offered a constitution giving Palestine a generous instalment of representative institutions. Having wrecked the elections by means of an organized boycott they were invited to take their seats on a nominated advisory council. Having declined to serve they were informed that if a representative Arab body were constituted the Government would welcome its advice and cooperation in matters affecting Arab interests. This third proposal was contemptuously rejected by the Arab extremists, who clung to their policy of non-cooperation. But at this point the cup was full. The Government now left the irreconcilables to their own devices, and since the end of 1923 it has made no further experiments in constitutional reform. Curiously enough, this change of policy had a healthy effect. The Government had made no attempt to use the strong hand. It had gone to the limit of conciliation, but it had shown that its patience was not inexhaustible. The prestige of the non-cooperators was severely shaken.

But if the tension has sensibly relaxed, it is not merely because the extremists have suffered a tactical defeat. What has completed their discomfiture is the fact that all their predictions have been signally falsified. After five years of the new regime, the Arab rank-and-file are in a position to judge for themselves whether or not they are being victimized. They know, on the evidence of their own eyes, that the British mandate and the flow of Jewish immigrants have had none of the sinister consequences they have been invited to expect.

Only those who knew Palestine in the days of the Turks can appreciate all that it owes to the new regime. The law courts have been purged of the corruption which made Ottoman justice a by-word. The Turks did little or nothing for education. The Government now supports over three hundred schools, with nearly 20,000 pupils. All these schools are for the benefit of the Arabs, the Jews being left to provide Hebrew schools at their own expense, with the assistance of a trifling grant-in-aid. The public-health authorities have successfully waged war on the twin scourges of Palestine—malaria and trachoma. Fifty thousand children are now under medical observation for eye disease, while the mosquito anopheles has already been driven out of nearly all the towns as well as a large number of villages. The country has been opened up by the improvement of communication. The Government has spent not far short of $10,000,000 on the Palestine railways. At the same time, it has nearly doubled the mileage of the first-class roads, and has also built 375 miles of secondary roads, serving 177 villages. Above all, it has preserved order and has given Palestine an unaccustomed sense of security. Brigandage has been suppressed, and an end has been put to Bedouin

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raids across the Jordan. For four years there has been no serious disturbance of the public peace.

From all this the Arabs have benefited at least as much as the Jews. In some respects, notably in the case of public education, they have benefited more. In no respect can it be truthfully said that the Jews have been singled out for favors at their expense. This does not mean that no advance has been made toward the establishment of the Jewish national home. On the contrary, its foundations have been solidly laid. Some 50,000 Jews have settled in Palestine since 1920 and have been successfully absorbed. The volume of immigration is steadily growing and is now at the rate of well over 2,000 a month. Agriculture, industry, and trade are visibly reacting to the stimulus of Jewish energy and enterprise, supported by something like $35,000,000 of Jewish capital. There is a network of Hebrew schools, and the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, though not yet complete, has already been enabled to open its doors. In a word, the Jews are steadily building up a vigorous and many-sided society, with a tone and color of its own. To all this the indispensable background is the British mandate, with its guaranties of peace, order, and good government. But in a more positive sense the establishment of the Jewish national home owes little or nothing to external support. The actual work of reconstruction has been left to the almost unaided efforts of the Jews themselves. The acquisition of land is a case in point. It was at one time assumed that the Government would be able to place considerable areas of state or waste land at the disposal of the Zionist organization. Up to the present, at all events, these expectations have not been realized. With a few small exceptions, whatever land has been required for Jewish colonization has had to be bought, often at inflated prices, in the open market. In this, as in other respects, the Jews have had to rely in the main upon their own resources. What they do owe to the British mandate—and the debt is substantial—is the gradual creation of a favorable atmosphere.

Finnish Politics

VAINO TANNER, chairman and parliamentary leader of the Social Democratic Party of Finland, recently made a speech on Finnish politics in the home of the Finnish Workers' Educational Association, 2056 Fifth Avenue.

For Finland, as a whole, and for the labor movement especially, the new era began in 1918, when Finland received her independence. Previously all effective reforms passed by the Finnish Diet were rejected by the Czar. In the election of 1916 the Social Democrats received a majority of three seats in the Diet. A fusion administration was formed by the Social Democrats and Liberal parties, Socialists holding half of the most important administrative posts. Oskar Tokoi, a Social Democrat, was Premier. The future seemed bright, but then we made a grave mistake. The masses did not understand the country's precarious position and were rejoicing over their newly acquired power.

The peaceful tactics of the Social Democrats didn't satisfy the forces of Labor, which want quicker results through revolutionary action. Now we almost unanimously admit that starting the civil war was a mistake, but it is plain that it was unavoidable. Unemployment was great. Food was scarce and starvation was at the door of every worker in the country. The dissolution of Parliament and the holding of an election under abnormal conditions whereby the bourgeois parties secured a working majority fanned the revolutionary agitation. The Bolsheviki had come into power in Russia by armed force and revolutionary agitation had unceasingly been carried on among the neighboring Finns. Arms and the help of the Russian Red navy were promised, inspiring the forces of unemployed workers to action. The Social Democratic Party resisted, but the pressure upon it was too heavy, and it had to give way, even though its leaders protested.

Civil wars are always bloody. Ours was the bloodiest. Twenty thousand workingmen fell fighting, 10,000 were executed by military courts, 13,000 died in penitentiaries where they were herded like cattle, there being at one time 90,000 incarcerated workingmen and women. Sixty thousand were disfranchised and the bourgeois parties reveled in their revenge. In the absence of Social Democratic representation—all the party parliamentary members were jailed or exiled, save one—the bourgeois parties convened Parliament, repealed most of the labor and progressive laws, and declared Finland a monarchy, electing a German prince for king.

But then something happened they hadn't counted on. Revolution in Germany brought down the military machine relied upon by the Finnish bourgeoisie. For diplomatic reasons the king never reached Finland. A new election was held and the Social Democrats again received 80 seats, making the republican form of government safe. A liberal President was elected and civil liberties returned. The confiscated properties were returned to the Labor organizations and Socialist papers began to appear as normally. It was then that hope again dawned for a reconstructive era for Finnish labor.

Then Communist agitation started the break in the ranks of labor. It was first felt in 1919. At first the Communists tried underground methods. They remained in the labor organizations, but stirred up the uninformed elements and created distrust of the leaders. When the Social Democratic Party was strong enough to eject the Communists from its ranks, they formed a new party and began an attack from the outside which was not effective, although the Communists used all known methods. None need wonder that the Communists at first succeeded in securing a certain following of the unexperienced, but after their start their power steadily declined. In the first election for the Diet the Communists received only 27 seats, while the Social Democrats got 53. In the election of 1924 the Communist representation fell to 18 and the Social Democratic bloc was raised to 60 members. The Communists had some success in the ranks of the trade-union movement, but their destructive tactics had an evil effect there, too. The union membership has steadily declined and the organizations have become dormant, powerless bodies. The cooperative movement alone has remained untouched and has grown fast. It comprises Communists, Socialists, and bourgeois, but the leading positions are held by Social Democrats. The Communist movement would have died a natural death if the bourgeois administration had not arrested leading Communists and made martyrs of them, thus helping the Communist agitation, just as the Communist propaganda has aided the blackest reaction.

Economically, Finland has weathered the crisis fairly well. The market for our exports has been firm and stability has been established. It is true that the standard of living of the workers is yet far beneath that in America, but an active labor movement and the rapid development of our industries are promising factors. Reviewing the last 25 years of the Finnish labor movement, we can proudly point to the reforms we have secured. Still we have to admit that many of our achievements are the results of changes that occurred outside of Finland. We have benefited by revolutions, none of our own. Our revolution, the civil war, was a failure. First we received the franchise and Parliament as the result of the Russian revolution of 1905. The independence of Finland came from the Russian revolution of 1917, and the German revolution restored civil liberties to us.

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